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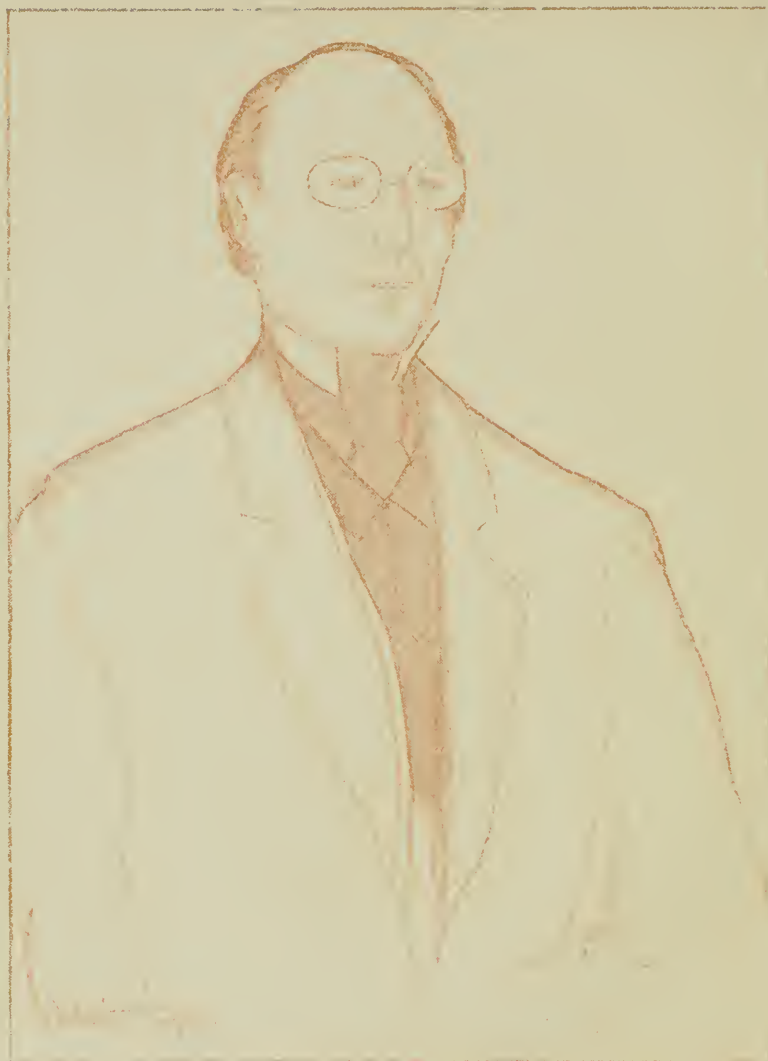




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A JOURNEY TO  
LOWER OREGON  
&  
*Upper California*

1848-49

*By*  
REV. SAMUEL C. DAMON



*San Francisco:*  
JOHN J. NEWBIGIN  
1927

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# Preface

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**L**INKS of *more than gold* have long bound Hawaii to her nearest continental neighbors. Well over a century ago the Sandwich Islands began to furnish snug winter quarters to whalers and fur-traders from the bleak North West Coast; over eighty years ago "the Oregon" sent its children to Honolulu for schooling at Punahou; and even seventy years ago, just yesterday, ship after ship loaded with oranges at Hanalei, Kauai cleared for the California coast where joyous welcome greeted the luscious freight. Honolulu was a busy little port during the whaling season which brought an annual influx of from six to ten thousand seamen into its otherwise quiet harbor. With the discovery of gold in 1848 all eyes were turned to the California coast and hundreds flocked from the island ports, sailing East to get West, as might be expected from the paradoxical Sandwich Islands.

*Among these early voyagers, though not in search of gold, went from Honolulu the genial shepherd of seafaring men, Rev. Samuel Chenery Damon, Seamen's Chaplain at that port. Three months after his arrival in Honolulu in 1842 the eager young pastor of the Seamen's Bethel had begun the publication of a newspaper for his wandering flock. It was a modest sheet, this Seamen's Friend and Temperance Advocate, which as The Friend he continued to edit and publish for forty-two years. It is from the columns of this little journal, the oldest newspaper west of the Rockies, that the present reprint is made of Mr. Damon's account of that early voyage to Lower Oregon and Upper California.*

*In the issue of The Friend for May, 1849 appears this item, of considerable interest to Sandwich Islanders: "Arrival Extraordinary. — The U. S. transport steam propeller Massachusetts, Capt. Wood, arrived in our harbor on Monday last, from Boston, via Valparaiso, on her way to Oregon. She has on board 161 rank and file of the 1st regiment U. S. Artillery, Brevet Major Hathaway, commanding. These troops are intended, we understand, to garrison the ports of Oregon. The Massachusetts is a noble vessel, registered 750 tons, and coming in as she did in a calm, moving without the help of sails, or other visible means of locomotion, she perfectly astonished the native population who assembled in crowds upon the beach. She is provided with Ericsson's propeller, (which, by the way, is well worth inspection) and is the second steam vessel in working order that has ever visited*

*these Islands."* Later on in the same number of *The Friend* we find the following notice: "*The publication of The Friend will be discontinued after the present number, until the editor returns from a voyage to the Western Coast of America. It is our intention to embark to-day, April 16th, on board the U. S. Propeller Massachusetts, Captain Wood having very kindly and generously proffered us a free passage to San Francisco, via Oregon. It is with no ordinary feelings of pleasure that we anticipate visiting our native land. To be sure, we do not expect to visit those portions of the country rendered sacred by the associations of home and kindred, yet it is to be our privilege to embark in a vessel bearing the name of our native state, and it will require no great stretch of the imagination to fancy ourselves once more an inhabitant of the Old Bay State! Under the protecting care of Divine Providence, we hope to resume our duties at the end of three or four months.*"

*The main facts in the life of Mr. Damon are quickly told. Born in Holden, Massachusetts on February 15th, 1815, he was graduated from Amherst College in the class of 1836. Thirty years later his Alma Mater conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Following his college course, he pursued theological studies at Princeton, New Jersey, and at Andover Theological Seminary. Eager and happy in his purpose to bring the comfort of Christianity to foreign lands, he enlisted for India under the American Board of Missions and zealously entered upon the study of the Tamil language. The illness and sudden*

death at sea of the Rev. John Diell, first Seamen's Chaplain at the port of Honolulu, brought about the transfer of Mr. Damon to the *American Seamen's Friend Society*, under whose auspices he sailed for the Pacific on March 10th, 1842 in the ship *Victoria*. With him was his bride, formerly Miss Julia Sherman Mills, from Natick, Massachusetts, a niece of the pioneer missionary, Rev. Samuel J. Mills. To give any idea of the life of the next half century would fill a volume. Until the death of Dr. Damon on February 7th, 1885, Honolulu was his home. There it was that, cheered and seconded by his devoted wife, he welcomed and cared for the thousands of seamen passing through the port; there that they brought up their family in the little adobe house on Chaplain Lane; there that he sat in the sessions of the *American Protestant Mission*; there that he frowned consistently upon the use of alcoholic beverages; there that he favored with might and main the establishment of every good work, be it school, mission, church, home, or lecture; there that he wrote and delivered one thousand sermons for the Bethel Chapel; there that his hearty handclasp and genial smile are still missed on the streets of the town.

And from another point of view, Honolulu might be termed his "home port," for thence it was that he set out on his voyages. Notwithstanding all his varied home activities, he was never one to "sit at home" when opportunity offered to go abroad, and for several decades Dr. Damon was a welcome speaker on missionary platforms in England as well as in America. Consider-



*ing the difficulties of travel in those days, it is astonishing to learn that he visited every mission in Syria and Egypt, and many also in the Southern Pacific Ocean ; that he enjoyed Centennial Philadelphia in 1876 ; that he saw England and Europe twice, and the United States many times ; and that in his later years he even went East by sailing West to the dim regions of China and Japan.*

*Of his first voyage from Honolulu the following pages give his own account, and a readable one it is, of those pioneer days. The voyage itself is of interest, accomplished as it was in the second steamship that had visited Hawaii, the old U. S. Propeller Massachusetts, achieving its leisurely way, sometimes sailing, sometimes steaming, sometimes becalmed, and arriving comfortably at the mouth of the Columbia River in twenty days from Honolulu ! But we must let the wide-awake young clergyman tell his own story of the days when the one hundred inhabitants of four-year-old Portland were housed in twenty buildings, and young San Francisco doubled its size every month.*

ETHEL M. DAMON

*Honolulu, November, 1926.*



A JOURNEY

*from the Sandwich Islands to Lower Oregon*

*and Upper California*

*or Leaves selected from "Our Log-Book"*

*First printed at the Polynesian Office*

*Honolulu, Oahu, H. I.*

1849





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A JOURNEY TO  
LOWER OREGON  
&

*Upper California*

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Chapter I. *Passage to the Columbia River.*

HE order was given to "cast off," which was followed by that to "go ahead" with the steam, and the MASSACHUSETTS quietly glided out of Honolulu harbor. Soon the pilot bids us adieu and I felt that I was for some months severed from scenes and persons endeared by many pleasant associations. At sundown we had reached that region of calms off the S. W. part of the Island of Oahu, but fancying that we should be favored with wind, the steam was allowed to escape, and we found the vessel becalmed. During the evening some of the officers assemble in the "Ladies' Cabin." One reads the *News*, another the *Polynesian*, a third *Jarves' History*, and a fourth *Wyllie's Notes*. Another group assemble in the after cabin to listen to the sound

of the violin. Everything is very quiet. Not a sailor or soldier deserted at Honolulu.

All day yesterday (the 18th), it was quite calm, and the vessel made but little progress. Towards evening Captain Wood gave the order to "fire up," and during the night we ran at the rate of six knots. This morning the summits of the mountains and hills of Oahu are scarcely to be discerned in the distance. By the aid of steam and sails we are rapidly urged on our course. I am surprised to perceive how retired a passenger can be, on board a vessel with two hundred shipmates. As for sea-sickness I have escaped in a manner far short of my fears.

In conversation with Captain Wood I learned that he was a classmate in Harvard University with Prescott, the Historian. He remarked that Prescott was quite celebrated, in college, as an excellent Latin scholar, and furthermore that while an under-graduate he received an injury in one of his eyes which resulted in almost destroying his vision, to which he makes so touching an allusion in the Preface of his history of *Ferdinand and Isabell*. "Thus shut out from one sense, I was driven to rely exclusively on another, and to make the ear do the work of the eye."

This morning high wind, rough sea, and ship going nine knots. At noon, Lat. 25° 14' N., have made two degrees of easting since leaving the Islands.

After three days of rough weather, it was exceedingly pleasant to greet a peaceful and quiet Sabbath morning. I could not but think, perhaps this may be that we may enjoy the privilege of public worship. I chanced this morning to open a volume of sermons by Dr. Spring, addressed to seamen. I was in circumstances to appreciate the opening paragraph of the first discourse: "There is a moral sublimity in a Sabbath at sea. The landsman conjectures it—paints it, while the devout seamen feels it; there are aspirations here felt, felt no where else. Yet what is it that gives such sublimity to a Sabbath at sea?"

It is not the mart of business which we here enter; nor are they the portals of science and literature; nor is it the splendid Cathedral; no, nor yet the more simple and humble sanctuary, where far distant friends 'worship and bow down and kneel before the Lord their Maker.' Great objects consecrate all that is around them. This vast ocean, this emblem of infinity itself, gives sublimity to the scene."

On going upon deck at the hour appointed for Divine service, I found the awning spread over the spacious quarter-deck—the officers and soldiers assembled—a flag thrown over the capstan—and everything admirably arranged. It was an impressive scene—the Day—the quietness—the gentle breeze—the almost sleeping, yet heaving ocean—all conspire to call forth emotions of love and gratitude to the Giver of all good, the Ocean's God and the Sabbath's Lord.

We are having a fine run. The winds are strong, but favorable, speeding us forward at the rate of 8, 9, and 10 knots. The weather is cool, and becomes more so every day. Thick clothing very necessary. Such weather, by contrast, reminds me of the mild and warm temperature of the Islands.

Being the last day of the month, according to the *Army Regulations of the United States*, the soldiers were called out for inspection. The weather was very cold and with a "quick step," the soldiers marched over the quarter-deck, and in "double quick time," each one heard his name called. The orders "face front, face left, face right, and right about face," were quickly given, and all soon disappeared from the deck whose services were not required in the management of the ship. Thus ended the "training." *Exeunt omnes*.

According to observations at noon we were about five hundred miles from land. Everything moves on pleasantly on ship-board. Some of my fellow passengers are great readers, and having an excellent public library on board, time does not hang heavy.

This morning, May 7th, at 11 o'clock the dim outline of the land

was seen. Just twenty days since leaving Honolulu. For two days not having been able to obtain observations, our position is not exactly known, but Captain Wood conjectures that we are too far North, hence as we approached the land the vessel made a southerly course. Driftwood occasionally passed the vessel. Land birds and sea fowl are frequently seen.

“High o’er the restless deep, above the reach  
Of gunner’s hope, vast flights of wild duck stretch  
Far as the eye can glance on either side,  
In a broad space, and level line they glide.”


The coast presents a most uninteresting aspect. In some places may be seen dense forests, and in others only scattered trees. Towards evening the mist and fog entirely concealed the land from sight, but from the appearances, our captain concluded that we must be off Shoalwater Bay. The order was given to “fire up” for the first time since losing sight of the Islands.

On our passage over, the good ship MASSACHUSETTS, as well as other vessels which have sailed over the route, proved the falsity of statements in *Gulliver’s Travels*. The celebrated Dean Swift in giving an account of the same, represents Mr. Gulliver as having visited “Brobdingnag,” a country lying between the Asiatic and American coasts. The king of that country must have been a prince of vast possessions, for says Gulliver, “The whole extent of this prince’s dominions reaches about six thousand miles, and from three to five in breadth; whence I cannot but conclude that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing *nothing but sea between Japan and California*.” Either the good Dean of St. Patrick’s, Dublin, must have misunderstood Mr. or Captain Lemuel Gulliver, or the vast continent, upon which the kingdom of Brobdingnag was situated, must have been submerged. It is somewhat surprising not to find allusions to this subject in Cook’s, Vancouver’s, Belcher’s, Beechey’s, or Wilkes’



voyages. This matter, however, may attract the attention of distinguished navigators, when the learned geographers and navigators of England, France, Russia, and the United States, have satisfactorily shown to the world the important results of having expended so much treasure and destroyed so many lives in discovering an Antarctic continent, or in attempting to discover a N. W. passage!

## Chapter II. *Discovery of the Columbia River.*

 WITH a thankful heart I sit down to record the incidents of this day, May 8th, our vessel having safely crossed the much dreaded Columbia River "bar," and now lies safely at anchor in Baker's Bay. Early this morning our ship was some distance off the mouth of the river. Guns were fired for a pilot, but none made his appearance. It was a source of much anxiety to the captain, as neither himself or any person on board had ever entered the river. As we approached the entrance, a boat was sent forward—but it did not appear safe to enter on our first coming up. A line of breakers extended the entire distance across from Cape Disappointment to Point Adams. Some rather anxious countenances were visible on board the MASSACHUSETTS, for we were not ignorant of the fact that no less than four vessels (U. S. S. PEACOCK, U.S.S. SHARK, H. B. Co.'s bark VANCOUVER, and Am. whaleship MAINE), had been wrecked on the very spot where we were hoping to cross in safety. We knew, however, that scores of vessels had safely entered the river, and having the aid of steam, our captain determined in the afternoon to make a second trial. It was in every respect successful. Just at the time of our crossing the bar, the heavy rollers seemed to subside and the sea to die away. As one landmark after another was made and the MASSACHUSETTS approached her anchorage, some two hundred hearts beat more free!

Soon after our vessel came to anchor, it was visited by a canoe containing ten Chinook Indians. Surely, I can say, that I never saw more miserable specimens of humanity. Whoever sees them, will agree with Washington Irving, who never saw them, when asserting in his *Astoria*, "Neither sex can boast of personal beauty." One represented himself as a chief. I was ready to ask, if such the leader, what are his followers? It was sad to witness their eagerness to obtain rum! I now felt ashamed of the Anglo-Saxon race, for English and American traders, almost exclusively, have pampered to the poor Indian's desire for intoxicating drinks. It is the lust for gain which has taken ship loads of strong drink to the N. W. coast to destroy the aborigines. Indian traders and their employers may have pocketed the profit of the sale, but there the matter does not rest. Let not the rum seller on the cold and inhospitable N. W. coast of America, imagine that the eye of an Omniscient Judge has not been fastened upon him. When the poor, miserable and drunken Indian has died a bill has been filed against his destroyer in Heaven's Chancery. In the day of final reckoning there will be no want of facts and evidence to establish the guilt of multitudes who have engaged in this destructive, although lucrative traffic.

After tea, I accompanied a party on shore. We visited the house of a Mr. Keplin, which is near the extreme point of Cape Disappointment. On entering his dwelling I observed a Yankee clock, fresh from the manufactory! I also noticed lying upon the table an English *Bible*, English *Prayer Book*, and Noah Webster's *Spelling Book*; the latter printed in Oregon! In taking a short ramble through the forest, I observed many trees and shrubs corresponding with those on the Atlantic coast. Blossoms of the strawberry and raspberry were thrice welcome to the sight. We were compelled to return on board for the last rays of the setting sun had but a few moments longer to play among the branches and leaves of the noble forest trees.

After returning on board I endeavored to carefully survey, so far as could be done with the eye, the outlines of the Cape, the Bay, and highlands. This is a spot replete with historical associations of the deepest interest. Not sixty years had rolled away since the first vessel from a civilized nation had anchored within the bar. For ages, the Columbia, or as it was called by the Indians of the country, "the great river," had poured its full tribute of waters into the Pacific, although its existence was unknown to the civilized and commercial world. A Spanish navigator, Bruno Hecate, commanding the corvette SANTIAGO, sailed along this coast in 1775, is supposed to have been the first who expressed his decided opinion that a great river here entered the ocean. "These eddies and currents caused me to believe," he remarks, "that the place is the mouth of some great river, or some passage to another sea." The North Cape he calls "Cape San Roque," the South, "Cape Frondoso," and the Bay, "Assumption."

Three years pass, and in 1778 an Englishman by the name of Meares, commanding a Portuguese vessel, attempts to discover this "great river," but failing in his enterprise, blots "Cape San Roque" from the chart and writes "Cape Disappointment," and for "Assumption Bay," writes "Deception Bay." Quitting the coast Meares records in his journal, "We can now with safety assert that there is no such river as that of Saint Roc exists, as laid down on the Spanish charts."

A few years more elapse (1792), and the distinguished navigator, Vancouver, is found glancing his keen eye along the same rugged coast. His vessel sails within three miles of the breakers, but they extend across the mouth of "the great river." He looks in vain for an entrance. "Not considering," remarks Vancouver in his journal of April 27th, "this opening worthy of more attention I continued our course to the north west." Only *two* days afterwards Vancouver spoke the Boston ship COLUMBIA," Captain Gray, by whom he was informed

that the COLUMBIA had "been off the mouth of a river in the latitude of  $46^{\circ} 10'$ , where the outset or flux, was so strong as to prevent his entering for nine days." (*Vancouver's Journal*.) This statement of the Yankee captain was doubtless received with some incredulity by the English navigator, for only *two* days previously his vessel was off the very same opening which did not appear "worthy of more attention."


The vessels of Vancouver and Gray parted, the former sailing north, but the latter sailing south. Captain Gray doubtless concluded that he would forever decide the point whether there was, or was not a great river emptying into the ocean south of Cape Disappointment. "On the 11th May, Gray arrived opposite the entrance of the river, and heedless of the risk, in his ardent spirit of enterprise, dashed boldly through the breakers on its bar, and in a few moments slid out upon the tranquil bosom of a broad and majestic river." The great question was then forever settled. Hecate was right when he said "a great river here entered the ocean," and Meares was wrong when he asserted no such river was in existence. Captain Gray commenced trading with the Indians, exploring the surrounding bay, and ascending the river fifteen or twenty miles. He now assumes the prerogative of altering the names upon charts. "On leaving the river," an anonymous writer remarks, "Captain Gray bestowed on it the name of his vessel. The southern point of land he called Cape Adams, and substituted the name of Cape Hancock for that of Cape Disappointment. Neither Cape Hancock nor Cape Adams have taken an assured place on the maps. \* \* \* The name of the good ship COLUMBIA, it is not hard to believe, will flow with the waters of the bold river as long as grass grows or waters run in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains."

The discovery of the Columbia Captain Gray communicated to Vancouver (accompanied by a rough chart), who in the autumn of the same year dispatched Lieutenant Broughton, commanding the



CHATHAM, to make an exploration. This enterprise was most successfully accomplished; Lieutenant Broughton, with boats, ascending as far up the river as Fort Vancouver, about 90 or 100 miles from its entrance. On his return down the river the JENNY, a vessel belonging to Bristol, England, was found anchored in the bay, within Cape Disappointment. This noted Bay was denominated "Baker's Bay" by Lieutenant Broughton in compliment to Captain Baker, commanding the JENNY, which vessel took the lead on leaving the bay, and was followed by the CHATHAM.

### Chapter III. *Astoria.*

 HIS morning, Wednesday, May 9th, the MASSACHUSETTS left Baker's Bay for Astoria, a distance of ten or twelve miles. The river is several miles wide, but the ship-channel is somewhat intricate, and difficult of navigation, except to experienced pilots. Twice the vessel touched the sand spits, but was backed off by the propeller with little damage or difficulty. She came to anchor off the city, the town, or village of Astoria, about 1 o'clock. Just as we were sitting down to dinner, General Adair, the collector, called on board. He was much rejoiced to learn that Captain Wood had piloted the MASSACHUSETTS in safety over the bar. This feeling I subsequently learned was quite general among the inhabitants, not only of Astoria, but of the territory. They felt that the bar and river were suffering in consequence of ill-founded reports which had been circulated. The first American steamship, which had ever attempted to enter, had now come safely up the river, without a pilot, in the most difficult parts of the channel. Not only did the Astorians seem really to confer upon our captain the hospitalities of the city, but General Adair proposed calling the next new county in Oregon *Wood County*. The MASSA-

CHUSETTS, being the largest vessel which had ever entered the river, and moreover having arrived bringing two companies of U.S. troops, was thrice welcome. So many of the male inhabitants of Oregon being absent at the mines, serious fears were entertained that more Indian troubles if not massacres would occur. General Adair furnished us with the latest news from the United States and Europe, but having recently arrived from California, he had tales to rehearse about the abundance of gold that would have satisfied a gold adventurer of the sixteenth century.

After dinner a party visited the shore—the army officers were delighted to receive intelligence through the post-office. General Adair gave us a cordial Kentucky welcome to his house, where we were kindly entertained by his family. The General had only been in the place about one month, but yet he had succeeded in erecting during that short period a very comfortable dwelling, as good as those tenanted by his neighbors. Neither nature, nor as yet art, seems to have conferred great attractions upon Astoria. The village contains about twenty buildings of every description, erected without order or regularity as regards the streets. A visitor is somewhat surprised the site should have been selected for a city, when others far more desirable might have been chosen. The inhabitants are rendered quite uncomfortable by the cold, strong and disagreeable winds which prevail. The town I would remark is upon the south side of the Columbia, being at this point four or five miles in width. The prospect from the hills upon which some of the houses are built is exceedingly fine. It commands a view of the ocean, the mouth of the river, Cape Disappointment, Chinook hills, the highlands on the opposite side of the river, and the extensive ranges of hills and mountains stretching away to the east. The region was formerly covered with a heavy growth of pines, and only a small area has been reclaimed from the dominion of nature. As the visitor looks out upon the peaceful little


village snugly crowded under the shade of stately forest trees, he is ready to ask, "Is this Astoria?" Is this the spot so famous in history, and of world-wide celebrity? It was for this place that forty years ago the ships of Astor took their departure, via Cape Horn, when a voyage hither was among the uncommon occurrences of the times. Here were the headquarters of the North West Fur Company, and subsequently of the Hudson Bay Company, until the establishment of Fort Vancouver. Among the English, Astoria, even now, is denominated "Fort George." Thus historical associations of interest are connected with this spot, but the fascinating narrative of Washington Irving, styled *Astoria*, has contributed more powerfully than any other cause to render the place remarkable, and in coming time somewhat classic ground. The ingredient of romance forms so prominent a characteristic of Irving's writings, that many readers imagine his *Astoria* belongs to the same class. History, genuine history, and faithful narrative, are most prominent in this work, the value of which will be highly prized by the reader who delights to trace out historical incidents associated with the place which he may visit.

It is certainly a remarkable as well as interesting fact, that although the United States Government possesses the whole of Oregon, having for a long period maintained with England a joint occupancy of the country, yet it is only the narrow and small district of Astoria, which has ever been, in reality, purchased from the aborigines of the country! Indian titles to the vast domain have not as yet been extinguished by purchase and treaties.

While at Astoria I made inquiries respecting the settlement of Clatsop Plains, situated on the south shore of the Columbia, near its mouth. I learned that a thriving settlement had been commenced, consisting of about thirty families, which are engaged in agricultural pursuits. They are supplied with the preaching of the Gospel by a Presbyterian and a Baptist minister. As an evidence of the enterprise

of the people, this fact is worthy of record. Being perplexed about getting their produce to the California market, vessels visiting the river not affording the desirable facilities, one of the inhabitants immediately laid the keel of the CLATSOP CLIPPER, a vessel of sixty or seventy tons, and in three months it was freighted, bound to California! Eventually, ship building will be extensively prosecuted along the banks of the Columbia. Timber suitable for ship building exists in the greatest abundance. Remarked an officer of our ship, as he gazed upon the forests of pine, from two to three hundred feet in height and straight as an arrow, "What a place to get masts, here are enough for all the shipping in the world."

## Chapter IV. *Ascent of the Columbia.*

 SOON after our vessel came to anchor off Astoria, the J. W. CARTER, Captain Hoyt, arrived from Portland on the Willamette, having on board a pilot, Mr. Lattie, well acquainted with the navigation of the Columbia. His services were immediately secured for the MASSACHUSETTS, as otherwise we might have been detained for many days. About 3 o'clock, P.M., May 10th, we left Astoria, proceeding up the river. One hour afterwards the MASSACHUSETTS was fast upon a sand spit off Tongue Point. It is not an uncommon occurrence for vessels to get aground at this place; indeed, the very first vessel that ever attempted to ascend the river after its discovery by Captain Gray, got aground at this very place. I refer to the CHATHAM, commanded by Lieutenant Broughton. At this point, he left his vessel and proceeded to explore the river in "the cutter and launch with a week's provisions." The COLUMBIA did not advance higher up the river than this place, and to commemorate the discovery of Captain Gray, the bay lying upon the north shore of the river, was



called *Gray's Bay*. Soon after the MASSACHUSETTS struck, the tide fell and the pilot reported that it would be vain to endeavor to get her off until next high tide. To wait for tides is tedious. To beguile the hours slowly passing, we were favored with some visitors from the shore. In a large Chinook canoe, containing fifteen Indians, came two Catholic priests. They were very glad to learn the most prominent items of European and American news. I informed them that Louis Napoleon had been elected President of France. This event seemed both to surprise and rejoice them. One especially, who clapped his hands expressive of joy! I also announced the Pope's flight, but this item of news apparently called up another class of emotions. I may have been mistaken, but I thought our visitors heard this intelligence with an air of incredulity. It certainly would not have been strange if they had supposed their *heretical* newsmonger dealt in the marvellous! I made inquiries respecting their success in teaching the Indians. They replied that their neophytes were rather thick headed! After our visitors had viewed the ship, I saw them over the side and push off for the shore. Although I could not sympathize with the doctrinal opinions of these missionaries, yet I could not but admire that spirit of self-denial which they manifested in laboring among the Clatsop Indians, or going *if they should be ordered by their superior*, to spend their lives among the tribes of Africa, Asia, and New Holland. Would that all Protestant clergy rendered as willing obedience to the great and last command of the Saviour.

The tide rose and fell, but still the MASSACHUSETTS remained quiet in her bed of sand. All day, Friday, we there remained, and we began to entertain serious fears, that perhaps a month might pass and still the vessel continue in the same spot. Every effort was made to get her off. Leaving Captain, Pilot, and hands to work the ship, I must not fail to observe our Indian guests, who have come alongside to sell a large sturgeon, and look at the strange craft. One Indian

made his appearance on the quarter-deck, wearing a blue coat with U. S. Navy buttons, and a British glazed chapeau. He presented a truly ludicrous appearance. His uniform indicated that he went for a joint occupancy of Oregon by England and the United States! Alongside appeared a canoe containing an Indian mother and papoose; I made signs for her to bind her child upon the board, a la Chinook. At first she understood me as desirous of taking the child on board. To this proposition she did not seem inclined to assent, but upon further explanation, I saw the little fellow bound hand and foot with thongs, while his head was rendered immovable by a head-board. When all was done, the child was stowed carefully away in the head of the canoe! Notwithstanding the Indians did what they could for our amusement, the day appeared long. To be aground on a sand bank is even more tedious than to be in a calm at sea. The good ship MASSACHUSETTS with its numerous tenants in not a few points, resembled the *Castle of Indolence* described by Thompson:

“Their only labor was to kill the time,  
And labor dire it is and weary woe  
They sit, they loll, turn o’er some idle rhyme;  
Then rising sudden, to the glass they go,  
Or saunter forth with tott’ring steps and slow;  
This soon too rude and exercise they find,  
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,  
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined.”

This morning, Saturday, May 12th, I was waked by the cheering announcement, “She is going a-head.” Soon after I heard the man heaving the lead cry out, “Quarter less four!” This was additional good news, for I recollected that the vessel would float in two and a half fathoms. We were now gliding along within a stone’s throw of the banks, covered thick with forest trees and brush-wood to the water’s edge. On both sides of the river the woodland extends as far as the eye can reach:

“Woody hill o’er hill encompass’d round.”

Many a long year will elapse ere this song will need to be sung by the settlers of Oregon:

“Woodman spare that tree!”

We have passed one or two Indian lodges, but alas, the once lords of the forest are no more to be seen. Their hunting and fishing grounds are nearly deserted. The smallpox, measles, and other diseases, and I may add rum, have well nigh swept them all away. Our intelligent pilot, who has been twenty years in the country, remarked that since his arrival “95 per cent of the Indians had died off.”

But here we are at 12 o'clock, M., fast upon another sandbank, twenty-five miles from where we started this morning, and forty-five from the mouth of the river. About 4 o'clock, P.M., got off, and proceeded twenty-five miles further up, and came to anchor a few miles above Cowlitz River. Today, for the first time, saw Mount Hood. On a previous day I had caught a view of Mount St. Helena. They are noble and majestic mountains. To these add Mount Rainier, all peaks of the Cascade range, and they form a trio of as sublime mountain elevations as are anywhere to be found upon our globe. One clear and distinct view of those mountains leaves an impression upon the beholder's mind never to be effaced. Easily can their towering summits, capped with eternal snows, be called up in imagination before the mind.

This morning Sabbath, May 13th, the vessel came to anchor off Fort Vancouver, and although it was not convenient to have public service on shipboard amidst the necessary confusion attending the ship's duties, yet it was pleasant when we arrived off the pier, and the pilot asked, “Where are all the gentlemen of the fort?” to listen to the reply, “They are at church.” How, methought, can gentlemen be better employed during the hours of the holy Sabbath than in worshipping God. Would that all who profess themselves gentlemen were thus to be found on God's holy Day.


I much regretted, however, to hear the firing of salutes, from ship

and shore. Such things but illy comport with the sacredness of the Sabbath, or roughly harmonize with the command, "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." I have always admired the reply of our worthy Sandwich Island Governor Kekuanoa, who refused to fire a national salute in compliment to the frigate UNITED STATES in the fall of 1843. This vessel arrived in the outer harbor of Honolulu on the Sabbath. A lieutenant was sent on shore, by Captain Armstrong, to notify the Governor that the ship was ready to fire a salute. The Governor was informed of the lieutenant's errand, while at church, and sent back word that he would attend to the business *apopo* (tomorrow).

Our sailing up the Columbia was exceedingly pleasant. This river abounds with much beautiful scenery, agreeably diversified by valleys, hills, and mountains. At present the whole country along the river's banks, abounds with a heavy growth of forest trees, some of which are of immense dimensions. Among these trees I observed the pine, hemlock, maple, sycamore, and poplar. I looked in vain for the chestnut and walnut of the Atlantic coast, and if I was correctly informed, they are not to be found in Oregon. From the mouth of the river as far up as Fort Vancouver, a distance of ninety miles, probably the number of settlements or small clearings in the forest, would not exceed twenty, including three or four sawmills. Even the view of a log cabin was exceedingly pleasant to the eye. On Sabbath morning, May 13th, we passed "New Plymouth," where there was a very good log house, which presented an air of neatness within and without. The master of the establishment came to the door and welcomed us with a tune upon his flute, the soft and melodious sounds coming over the gentle waters, wafted by the morning breeze, fell soothingly upon the ear. The lover of nature will find ample range for the gratification of his visual and mental powers, in ascending the noble Columbia.



## Chapter V. *Geographical Outline of Oregon.*

AVING ascended the Columbia to the highest point which I expected to advance, and expecting to spend some weeks in traveling among the settlements along the banks of the Willamette, I endeavored to inform myself with reference to the general outlines of the Territory of Oregon, so that I might understand the relation of that part which I was about to visit, to the whole. I now began to realize that Oregon was indeed "a great country," considered with reference to its number of square miles, the length of its rivers, and height of its mountains. This morning (May 14) took breakfast with the officers of the Hudson Bay Company when I met the company's agent, Mr. Grant, from Fort Hall, who had come to the fort to obtain his annual supply of goods. The presence of a man from his "home" at Fort Hall six or seven hundred miles in the interior of the country, was well calculated to impress the mind with the truth of the statement that Oregon embraced a territory equal in extent to all of New England and the middle states, with the addition of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and a good part of Georgia; or an area more than three times as large as England, Scotland, Ireland, and the neighboring islands belonging to the British Empire. Oregon extends from 42° to 49° of N. L., and from 110° to 124° of W. L., embracing an area of 400,000 square miles, and watered by the Columbia and its numerous tributaries.

It is distinctly divided into three grand divisions: Lower, Middle, and Upper Oregon. 1. Lower Oregon embraces the territory lying between the ocean and the President, or Cascade Mountains, the Willamette being the principal river of this division. 2. Middle Oregon lies between the Cascade and the Blue Mountains, the Shutes and Umatilla being the principal rivers of this division. 3. And Upper

Oregon lies between the Blue and Rocky Mountains, the Lewis and its tributaries being the rivers of this division.

The Middle and Upper sections of the country remain unsettled by any white population, except the trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company, and the Missionary stations. Upper Oregon is described as "a rocky, barren, broken country, traversed in all directions by stupendous mountain spurs, on peaks of which snow lies nearly all the year." The Middle region of Oregon, being less elevated, possesses a milder climate and better soil, remarkably well adapted to the purposes of grazing. This is very manifest from the immense herds of horses in possession of the Indians, who allow them to graze in large companies, and cannot, of course, make any provision for them during the winter months.



## Chapter VI. *Population of Lower Oregon*

**T**HIS division lies along the coast, and extends as far inland as the Cascade Mountains. It is heavily timbered, well watered, and well adapted to farming and manufacturing purposes. A census has recently been taken of this portion of Oregon. I obtained a copy, on application to Governor Lane, who had just ordered it to be made, in view of the establishment of the Territorial Government of the United States over the country.

Summary of the Census Returns of the Territory of Oregon, for the year 1849,  
made under the provisions of Section 4 of the Act of Congress entitled  
"An Act to establish the Territorial Government of Oregon"

Approved August 14, 1848

COUNTIES	Males under 21 years	Males 21 years and over	Females of all ages	Foreign			Total number of citizens	Total No. Foreigners	Total
				Males under 21 yrs.	Males over 21 yrs.	Females all ages			
Benton.....	271	229	370	..	..	..	870	..	870
Champoeg.....	465	458	647	5	94	13	1,570	112	1,682
Clackamas.....	401	390	585	..	12	5	1,376	17	1,393
Clatsop.....	49	100	75	..	3	..	224	3	227
Lewis.....	39	33	37	1	31	4	109	36	145
Linn.....	295	269	359	..	..	..	923	..	923
Polk.....	337	327	509	..	1	..	1,173	1	1,174
Tuality.....	346	293	468	4	23	8	1,107	35	1,142
Vancouver									
{ Am* For } ...	4	22	20	2	39	12	80	79	159
{ 34 26-60 }									
Yamhill.....	394	402	557	3	8	4	1,353	15	1,368
Aggregate.....	2,601	2,523	3,627	15	211	46	8,785	298	9,083

\*Children under 14 years of age.

The above statistical table does not include the aborigines of the country, half-breeds, and Hawaiians. At the time the census was taken, considerable discussion was elicited upon the point, whether any but white inhabitants would be allowed to become enrolled as American citizens, and entitled to the privilege of the elective franchise. Some Hawaiians presented themselves before the proper officers, and desired to become American citizens, and be allowed to vote at the coming election on the 1st of June, but the Governor did not feel author-

ized by the existing laws of the United States to allow them to do it. The subject was referred to Judge Bryant, the Supreme Judge of the Territory, and he expressed a similar opinion, although he was not perfectly decided in his opinion that it would be in violation of the United States laws for Hawaiians to become citizens. The law was explicit with reference to the African race, and the aborigines of the country, but it was evidently a new feature in the process of the naturalization of foreigners, for individuals of Asiatic descent to make application for papers of citizenship.

During the month of May several hundred foreigners were naturalized. I was somewhat amused with the mode of application, adopted by one who, presenting himself before the officer, asked for "two and a half dollars worth of Yankeeism."

By referring to this table it will appear that Benton, Champoege, Clackamas, Linn, Polk, Tuality, and Yamhill counties are densely populated, compared with the remainder: Clatsop, Lewis, and Vancouver. The former are situated in the valley of the Willamette, where reside a large proportion of all the white inhabitants of the Territory. Clatsop County is near the mouth of Columbia River, Lewis about the Nisqually settlement on the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and Vancouver about the Fort of Vancouver.

## Chapter VII. *Fort Vancouver.*



HIS morning, May 14th, visited the Fort, or the extensive stores, store-houses, and offices of the Hudson Bay Company. The extensive mechanical operations, which have in the estimation of former visitors, imparted so much animation to the central depôt of the "Company," are now almost entirely suspended. Scores of the company's servants are now seeking their fortunes in the mines of



California. It is clearly apparent that affairs at the Fort are in a transition state. The old and rigid discipline is relaxing; a new order of things is gradually coming about; and one is inclined to think that the glory of Vancouver's Fort is departing. The introduction of United States laws into the territory necessarily will have a powerful influence upon the government of the company's servants. A person now, who may be charged with crime, cannot be sent to Canada for trial, but may seek protection behind the ægis of United States Territorial laws. This very week Mr. Douglass, hitherto at the head of the company's establishment, is to remove with his family to Vancouver's Island, there to officiate as Governor. Mr. Ogden is to become his successor at the Fort. This gentleman, some months since, distinguished himself in the rescue of numerous captives who were seized and cruelly treated by the Indians at the massacre of Dr. Whitman. His long experience as an Indian trader, admirably qualified him satisfactorily to conduct such a negotiation with a tribe of savages, thirsting for blood. For fourteen hours he stood arguing and reasoning the matter with the Indians before they would give up the captives. At length he succeeded in obtaining every individual held in captivity. It is but repeating the remark in the mouth of every person acquainted with the circumstances, that "no one but Mr. Ogden could have succeeded so well." He is now past the meridian of life, but possessed of remarkable energy. A smart shake of the fever and ague does not incapacitate him for overhauling goods and invoices, and conducting an extensive correspondence.

In strolling about the premises I chanced to fall in with a group of Sandwich Islanders. Much to the credit of the company, it pays the salary of an Hawaiian preacher and school teacher. At the time of my visit he was laboring under serious hindrances, in consequence of so many of his countrymen leaving for the mines, and others becoming *palaka* (indifferent to religion). He accompanied me to visit an


old *kanaka* who had been nearly forty years in the Company's service, during which period he had visited England. He said that he had been away from the Islands "three tens and nine years," having originally left in the ill-fated *TONQUIN*, which was blown up on the N. W. coast. I next visited the company's bark *COLUMBIA* taking on board a cargo of wheat for the Russian settlement at Sitka. The vessel was partially unmanned, several sailors having taken French leave for the mines. It is remarkable how wide spread is this gold mania.

Agreeably to appointment, went on shore this morning, May 15th, to accompany a party on an excursion to Calsas Plains, situated about seven miles in rear of the Fort, and upon the north side of the Columbia. The weather was cold, rendering an overcoat very comfortable. Our party consisted of Governor Douglass and daughter, Mr. Birnie and daughter, and myself. Our small cavalcade galloped away at a rapid gait, and was soon out of sight amidst the dense and stately forest trees skirting the beautiful plain upon which the Fort is situated. As we passed along, I was much instructed by the remarks of Mr. Douglass, who spake of the trees and shrubs in the forests of Oregon, as Solomon "spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." After passing through the forests of stately pines, and over two small patches of prairie land, we came to the Calsas Plains, so called from an edible root found there by the Indians. This prairie is several miles in circumference, and contains three or four settlements, situated at the respectful distance of more than a mile apart. Our object was to visit a lady, whom I had met at the Islands on her first arrival from London. On seeing us emerge from the forest she came out and gave us a cordial welcome. It was an interesting event, amid the solitude of a prairie, to meet a lady of intelligence and refinement, who had, with her husband, commenced gathering around them the comforts

of a home. At the time of our visit he was absent at the mines. A blazing fire was soon kindled, much to my gratification, although our kind hostess regarded it as a pleasant May morning! "Now," says Mrs. C., "I am not obliged to go two miles into the country, to obtain soil for my flower-pots." Very true, one could enjoy more elbow room on a prairie in Oregon, than in the crowded streets of London! She was usefully and happily employed in teaching several pupils, among whom was an interesting boy, the son of Mr. Von Pfister, who lost his life in California. For a long time I shall remember my pleasant excursion to Calsas Plains.

On our return to the Fort, in the middle of the afternoon, I found a boat about ready to start for Portland, fourteen miles up the Willamette. A sketch of my rambles through the beautiful valley of this river, I must reserve for another leaf of my Log Book.

## Chapter VIII. *Tour of Willamette Valley*

RRIVED at Portland about 12 o'clock last night, May 15th, in company with Judge Bryant, the newly appointed Territorial Judge, and Captain Crosby. We were rowed in a small ship's boat from Vancouver, about twenty miles, by four Indians, and having a strong current against us, our progress was slow. On waking this morning, looked out upon the rising town of Portland, situated fourteen miles above the junction of the Willamette with the Columbia. The town is handsomely laid out on the east side of the river, and is well situated, having in the rear an extensive forest and beyond that forest, at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles, a beautiful farming country. The first settlement here was made in the autumn of 1845, by Captain Crosby and Mr. Stark, the former, master, and the latter, supercargo of the barque TOULON. Their first building



was a log-store, which is now standing; between twenty and thirty buildings have since been erected, and others are in progress. The house built by Captain Crosby is an excellent dwelling house, and cost \$5,000, and at the present time the premises are valued at \$10,000. The buildings, including store and dwelling house, erected by Mr. Pattegrove are substantial, and do credit to the place. The number of inhabitants in Portland is now about one hundred. The site of the town is admirably selected, being well adapted to the landing and discharging of vessels. I find but one vessel in port, the "O. C. RAYMOND," undergoing repairs, and belonging to Captain Crosby. This vessel is engaged in the lumber trade with California, and must be doing a business, enabling the owner to pay the master \$300, the mate \$200, and the seamen \$100 per month.

#### TUALATIN PLAINS

This morning, May 17th, started for the Plains, my road lay over hills and through forests, and I was glad to learn that a much better route for a road had been selected. These plains are about twenty miles in extent, surrounded by a heavy growth of timber. The soil is admirably adapted to farming purposes, being prairie-land of the best description. Several small streams intersect the plains in various directions. Settlements have already been made in most parts of the plains, and nearly all the land is now claimed on the system, that every man is entitled to one mile square, or 640 acres, provided that he enters his claim at the office of the County Clerk.

Soon after entering the plains, I sought out the dwelling of a Mr. Pomeroy, whom I had met at Portland. His good lady furnished me some refreshment, very acceptable after my lonely ride through the forests. After dinner, I accompanied the proprietor in a walk about his premises. It was gratifying to view a farm of more than five hundred acres, fenced, and stocked with twenty yoke of oxen, horses,

cows, and sheep. His barn was nearly completed, measuring 120 feet in length, being nearly filled with wheat. Mr. Pomeroy is a native of Massachusetts, and after experiencing a variety of fortune, finds himself owner of a fine farm in Oregon, which he superintends, in connection with an extensive building and lumber business.

Proceeding three miles over the plains, I called at a dwelling of the Rev. Mr. Griffin, who was engaged in doing the "press-work" on the 8th number, volume 1st, of the *Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist*, a periodical of 16 pages, octavo. It was to have appeared semi-monthly, but has been partially discontinued in consequence of a scarcity of printers. A London or Boston editor would have thought there would have been also a scarcity of readers, for the idea of issuing a newspaper, where the population is so sparse would certainly have been viewed as preposterous, by any but a genuine Yankee. Publisher, editor, and pressman, were all combined in one, who was assisted by a boy who had only set up type but a few months, and a little Indian boy to work the roller! I must not neglect to record the fact that Mrs. Griffin was busily occupied in folding and stitching the paper. The columns of the paper are at present principally occupied in a discussion and exposé of the connection of the Jesuit Missionaries with the Indian massacre at Wailatpu, where Dr. Whitman and wife, with others, were cruelly killed. The editor of the *Union* is fully of the belief that the massacre never would have occurred had it not been for the influence indirect, if not direct, of the Jesuit Missionaries.

Quite sufficient is known to induce the opinion that the full history of that atrocious affair has not yet been published to the world. At present, I hardly know what opinion to adopt in regard to the subject.

I continued my journey over the plains, and before evening arrived at the house of Rev. Mr. Clark, pastor of a Congregational Church. Occupying the same log dwelling with him, are Rev. Mr. and Mrs.

Eells, formerly missionaries of the American Board among the Indians but now principals of the Tualatin Academy. Mrs. Eells was an old acquaintance, as well as a native of the same town with myself, in Massachusetts. It was exceedingly pleasant to revive an old acquaintance, after twelve years of separation. Most vividly I could recall the scene of her departure from the shores of the Atlantic, for her future home in the wilds of Oregon. Then it was not an every day undertaking for a lady to leave the frontier settlements in Missouri and traverse the prairies and mountains lying between the States and the shores of the Pacific. She may be said to have been the third lady that started upon this enterprise, as it was on the previous year, 1836, I believe, that Mrs. Whitman, and Mrs. Spaulding led the way. To these ladies belongs the honor of having been the first of their countrywomen to cross the Rocky Mountains, and although hundreds have since followed in their footsteps, yet it must be viewed as a noble, praiseworthy and adventurous example. Man may plunge into the unexplored forest, traverse the almost boundless prairie, ascend the lofty mountains, but let him not speak of his hardships and trials, perils and dangers, when woman travels by his side "to share his joys and halve his sorrows."

After spending a few hours with friends I hastened back to Portland to spend the Sabbath, as, much to the regret of the people, no clergyman of any denomination is yet permanently located in the town.

No house of public worship having been erected, the upper loft of a large store was suitably fitted up for the accommodation of an audience of fifty, and more than forty were present in the morning. During the interval of public services, I attended an interesting Sabbath school held in a log building. Twenty-four scholars, taught by two female and one male teacher, were present. The citizens of Portland are sincerely desirous that a minister of the gospel would be

located among them, and they are very ready to subscribe for the erection of a building, which will answer the two-fold purpose of a chapel and school house. During the current season, a Methodist minister is to preach in Portland every other Sabbath.

#### OREGON CITY

This morning, May 22nd, started on horseback for Oregon City, situated at the falls on the Willamette, from ten to fifteen miles above Portland. The road thither lies upon the east side of the river, is somewhat circuitous and by no means adapted to wheel carriages. It is a mere pathway through the primeval forests. I had heard of wolves infesting these wilds, but never saw any until today, when a large pair of dark brown wolves crossed my path.

Having heard and read much about Oregon City, I was exceedingly anxious to see the place. It is situated on the east side of the Willamette, just below the falls, the river being perhaps an eighth of a mile wide opposite the town and the shores very bold. The city was laid out by Dr. McLaughlin, the proprietor of this claim, in 1842, although as early as 1829 he made arrangements for the erection of a sawmill and other buildings. In the spring of 1830, potatoes were first planted here. During the year 1832 a mill race was commenced. about the year 1838 the whole establishment was nearly destroyed by fire, so that as late as 1840, less than *ten* years ago, only one solitary log hut marked the spot, where now may be seen a town of more than one hundred dwelling houses, two flouring mills, two saw mills, several stores, a neat Methodist chapel, a Catholic church, a nunnery, and other appurtenances amply sufficient to constitute a thriving settlement, doubtless the nucleus of a much larger and more populous city. On the opposite side of the river are two small settlements also aspiring to be styled cities, not however, of the first class! Linn, and her sister, Multinoma city, have not as yet passed their



infancy, and for some time to come, may not be able to deck themselves in other robes, than that noble growth of forest trees which the Creator has spread over the hills. I record this opinion with all deference to my worthy brother, the Rev. Mr. Blain, of the Reformed Presbyterian order, who has located himself on the brow of the hill, and that kind neighbor of his, Mrs. L——, whose garden looked so flourishing under her special superintendence. Linn City, as well as Linn County, derive their names from Senator Linn, who while a member of the United States Senate made strenuous and commendable efforts in behalf of Oregon. The term Multinoma, was the Indian name for the Willamette River. During my sojourn of ten days in Oregon City, enjoying the kind hospitality of the Rev. Mr. Atkinson's and Mr. Walker's families, I made various short excursions into the *suburbs* and environs. The sound of the woodman's axe, and the lumberman's saw, together with the occasional crash of the giants of the forests falling prostrate, perhaps, across the very path you may be traveling, are unequivocal evidences that Oregon is a "new" country, but remarkably similar to New England, two hundred years ago. The traveler in Oregon, who is familiar with the history of the older portions of the United States, will be constantly struck with the similarity which may be traced in the Indian wars, and the hardships of the first settlers, their respect for law, and religion, desire for schools and education, and in their indomitable love of free institutions, as well as in the natural features of the country.

During one of these rambles, I crossed the river, and visited a party of Indians fishing for salmon, just below the falls. The fishing ground is upon a small island at the foot of the falls; there the Indians rig out a platform over the troubled and foaming waters. One of the party then taking a scope net thrusts it below the surface of the water with the mouth of the net open down the stream. Into this net the salmon run on their passage up and over the falls. In this way, I saw them

take several large and plump fish that would have brought an *ounce* apiece could they have been conveyed to the San Francisco market. The salmon possesses a most remarkable instinct for ascending streams in the spring of the year. *Go they must*, notwithstanding currents, rapids, and falls may oppose their progress. It was interesting to see them attempt to ascend the falls, and I could not but sympathize with the unfortunate, who would make the attempt but would fall back into the foaming abyss below, there to gather courage and strength for a second, third, and perhaps the thousandth trial. Should they finally fail to ascend, their last struggle is their death struggle! The dead may often be seen floating down the stream by the current. There is a certain species of eels also, which is endowed with a similar instinct to ascend rivers. Thousands were to be seen struggling to crawl over the rocks, and force their way up the stream.

The Indians, from time immemorial, have resorted to the falls in the spring of the year to take a winter's stock of salmon. A number of their lodges are erected near the river. The inhabitants of Linn City are not altogether pleased with their Indian neighbors. Some months since, on a certain evening, a lighted torch was seen to be borne towards the habitations of the Indians, and in a few moments the surrounding country was beautifully illuminated with the ascending flames. No one was presumed to know anything how the fire could have been communicated. The poor Indians lost their winter's supply of fish and berries. They applied for redress to the Provisional Government of Oregon, but were told to wait patiently until the white man's Great Chief should send out little chiefs to rule over the white men, or the *Bostons*, as Americans are called by the Indians in Oregon. Ere long a *chief* arrives in the character of Governor Lane. The Indians apply for redress, but they are violently opposed. The Indians ask for justice! The Governor goes upon the spot, hears both sides, and decides in favor of the original possessors of the soil. It was a decision which

did him much credit, not only among Indians, but among impartial persons of the white population. The poor Indian will soon be gone, but so long as he does linger, let justice be done to him. Such decisions by the Governor will pave the way for him to form favorable treaties with the aboriginal tribes in Oregon.

I left this morning, June 1st, for a second visit to the plains, the distance from Oregon City being twenty-five miles. The road is uninteresting and mountainous. Only an occasional log cabin indicated the abode of civilized man, and these were generally untenanted, the owners having gone to the mines. I was favored with the company of the Rev. Mr. McKinney, a traveling preacher of the Methodist denomination. He had emigrated to Oregon, from Missouri, and was able to furnish much interesting information respecting the various emigrating parties who had crossed the Rocky Mountains. On entering the plains, we passed several beautiful farms, well fenced, and stocked with herds of cattle and horses, but it was really disheartening not to see the farmer following his plough, or sowing his wheat. I saw this in only one instance, although I passed near a score of farms, young and old of the male portion of the inhabitants having gone to the mines.

Having spent four days among friends upon the plains, including a Sabbath when I preached to a most interesting audience of mostly children and youth, I started in company with the Rev. Mr. Eells, to proceed up the valley of the Willamette as high as Salem. We rode about twenty miles on the west side of the river, then crossed, and reached Salem, about sunset, having traveled between fifty and sixty miles. The capabilities of the Willamette Valley for agricultural and grazing purposes fully met the expectations which I had formed, and I was assured that the richness of the soil, and its adaptation to all farming purposes was even better, further up the valley.



## S A L E M

This is a new and well located town on the east side of the river. It is the centre of the operations of the Methodist Mission. Here resides the Rev. Mr. Roberts, superintendent of the mission. The site of the town is well chosen, on a dry and somewhat elevated position, so that there will be no fears of inundations during freshets in the river. At a short distance from the town is a saw and grist mill. The most interesting feature of the place at present is the *Institute*. A large and commodious three story building, with two wings, is here erected. It was originally designed for the education of Indian youth, but as the mission failed, in consequence of such multitudes of the Indians dying off, the building is now found to be exactly what is needed for an English school. The institute is now under the excellent management of the Rev. Mr. Wilbur and lady, who are assiduously and laboriously engaged in the instruction of about eighty pupils of both sexes. They are anxiously looking for an assistant teacher to be sent from the Eastern States. The central location of Salem has led some to suppose that it will become the seat of the Territorial Government. Upon inquiry, I learned that settlements had been formed to the distance of near 100 miles above Salem. There can be no avoiding the conclusion that the inhabitants in this beautiful valley will continue to increase until they will number sufficient to form one or more states of the Union. Learning that the MASSACHUSETTS would soon leave for California, I was compelled to relinquish the idea of advancing; I had, however, seen quite sufficient to give me a most favorable impression of the natural resources of the country, and the enterprising character of the inhabitants.

In commencing my return down the valley, I was highly favored in being privileged to form one of a pleasant party, starting for Oregon City, good fifty miles distant, being in the judgment of the ladies of our company not a long day's ride on horseback. We started soon

after sunrise and reached the end of our journey before the sun went down. The Rev. Mr. Roberts and lady, the Rev. Mr. Parish, and several others, composed our party. The road is far from being interesting, some portions of it lying through pine barrens. I must not, however, do injustice to the French prairie, some twenty miles long and five or six wide, surrounded by forests of fir and pine. The inhabitants are French Canadians, married to natives of the country. They were formerly servants of the Hudson Bay Company, but from ten to twenty years ago, were induced to make a settlement upon this prairie. Their dwellings are erected on the outskirts of the prairie, about a mile apart. Their "claims" embrace a few acres of woodland and extend towards the centre of the prairie. Wheat is the principal product of this portion of Oregon; it is raised with ease and in an abundance. As we rode leisurely over the extended prairie, the fragrance of the wild rose, growing in prodigal profusion, regaled our olfactory sense.

About midway on the prairie, we called at the house of a settler, out of which ran children and dogs in great abundance. In the midst of the group appeared a venerable looking Indian woman. "There is old Dorion's wife," said my traveling companion, Mr. Roberts. "What," says I, "not the person referred to in Irving's Astoria!" "To be sure," he replied. I returned and sought a formal introduction to this Indian dame, who accompanied Hunt's party over the Rocky Mountains near forty years ago, and is so graphically described by Washington Irving. Her husband was Hunt's interpreter among the Indians, in 1811, and his father was an interpreter for Lewis and Clark, in their tour in 1805-6.

My long, fatiguing and dusty ride from Salem to Oregon City, was rendered quite agreeable by the cheerful chit-chat of my fellow travelers, especially Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, who originated on the banks of the beautiful Delaware, a few miles above Philadelphia, at the very

spot where I had spent a happy portion of my life. It was truly delightful in the wild woods of Oregon unexpectedly to meet those who possessed with myself, much knowledge in common, respecting towns, cities, villages, and persons in public and private life.

## Chapter IX. *Education in Oregon.*



AMONG the settlers in Oregon there exists a commendable public spirit in regard to the subject of education. The bill which was passed in Congress, constituting Oregon a territory, provided that every sixteenth and thirty-sixth section should be made available to the purposes of common schools. The leading men of the Territory are alive to the importance of having the provision of Congress fully carried out, so that the rising generation shall derive the full benefit of the appropriation; although, at present, the proceeds are very small, yet in coming time it will be the foundation of a large fund.

In addition to efforts for common schools, the various sects are vigorously making efforts for the establishment of permanent high schools, which may eventually be converted into colleges. The Catholics have a school on the French Prairie, and in Oregon City are erecting a large building for a nunnery, in connection with which there is to be a young ladies' seminary. The Rev. Mr. Blain of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, in Linn City, has a private school, for boys and girls under his charge. Mrs. Thornton's "Boarding and Day School," has been for several sessions in successful operation, in Oregon City. At Salem, the Methodists have a flourishing high school. [See visit to Salem.] I have no doubt that ere long this will become a fine institution, embracing a collegiate or university course of study. I am confident this will be the result should the territory continue to

prosper, and emigrants from various parts of the world flock to the beautiful regions watered by the upper waters of the Willamette.

During my two visits to the Tualatin Plains, I became much interested in the efforts now making for the establishment of Tualatin Academy, by the ministers and people of the Congregational Church. A school was originally started at this place, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, and an elderly lady, Mrs. Brown. They were knowing to the fact that there were many children in the vicinity who were orphans, growing up in ignorance. Moved by a most commendable spirit to provide for their education, a school was opened, denominated "An Orphan School." Mrs. Brown, living in a rude log house, received several children into her family as boarders, a neighboring log house was occupied as a school, and meeting-house. Amid many discouragements the school prospered and more scholars presented themselves than could find comfortable lodging. After a few months, the friends of the school decided to enlarge these accommodations, and change the name of the school to that of "Tualatin Academy." About this period, the trustees secured the permanent services of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Eells, formerly missionaries of the American Board among the Indians, in Middle Oregon. I'm confident that two more suitable persons could not have been selected for the school; the Rev. Mr. Eells had been for several months previously engaged in teaching at the "Methodist Institute" in Salem. There he had given universal satisfaction as a competent and successful teacher. Having a teacher, the trustees resolved to erect suitable buildings. At the time of my visit the workmen were engaged in putting up a two story log house for the Rev. Mr. Eells' family. While upon the ground, I resolved on my return to the Islands to present the claims of Tualatin Academy and solicit donations. *There* I fancied I saw the foundations being laid of an institution which might, in due time, vie with the colleges and universities on the shores of the Atlantic. The records of Harvard,



Yale, Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Nassau Hall, and numerous other now flourishing institutions would show that they sprung from an equally humble origin. The time was when the now richly endowed Harvard, was sustained by the contributions of the poor colonists of Massachusetts Bay. If a person needs encouragement to contribute for the establishment of schools, academies, and colleges in a new country, let him attentively peruse the history of almost any one of those noble institutions which are now the pride of the people in the Eastern and Middle States. A small donation of a few dollars at the period when such institutions are struggling into existence is really of more value than a "princely gift" when the same institution shall have arrived at maturity.

## Chapter X. *Visit to Klakamas Settlement.*




ABOUT two miles below the Falls, or Oregon City, a small river, called Klakamas, enters the Willamette. The valley through which this river runs, is heavily timbered, and upon it one sawmill, if not more, has been erected; several settlements have already been formed upon the rich bottom lands. The most remote of these settlements is now owned by a Mr. Foster, in whose welfare I felt considerable interest. In the spring of 1842, Mr. Foster, with his family, embarked with myself at New York, and we were fellow passengers around Cape Horn. Mr. Foster remained at the Islands during the winter of 1842-3, and then passed on to Oregon, containing at the period but a few American families. After living a few years in the vicinity of Oregon City, he removed to his present residence, sixteen miles up the Klakamas River. His farm is situated on the road leading over the Cascade Mountains, and nearly all the emigrants from the States over the Rocky Mountains pass directly by his door. Here

it is that the careworn and weary emigrants, after their long journey of months across the mountains, first enter the abodes of civilization on the shores of the Pacific. Here they may witness the fruits of thrift and industry; a farm of 500 acres well fenced, 100 sown with wheat, 10 with potatoes, the prairie is covered with 100 head of cattle, together with horses, sheep, and swine in abundance. Mr. and Mrs. Foster have a promising family of four sons and three daughters. As I beheld so much of substantial wealth I was forced to acknowledge that my old Cape Horn companion had probably made a good exchange of his "small and poor farm," far away on the British line, in the state of Maine, for one of the best farms in the flourishing territory of Oregon.

On my ride out I met a Mr. Palmer, returning from a trading expedition among the Cayuse Indians. He was conducting a band of 115 horses, which he had purchased at the rate of about \$30 each, *in trade*. These horses were destined for the market at the mines of California. Thus, it appears, that the mines of California extend their influence far away among the wild Indians of Oregon. This Mr. Palmer conducted an emigrating company over the Rocky Mountains in 1845. During the journey he kept a diary which was published at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1847; I procured a copy of the book, and find the narrative admirably agrees with the verbal narrations which the traveler may hear when he enters almost any log house in Oregon.

## Chapter XI. *Overland Settlement of Oregon.*

HE settlement of Oregon, by emigrants crossing the Rocky Mountains, is one of the great events of the passing age. Ten years ago it was not believed to be possible. Had the undertaking appeared credible, most certainly an eminent European writer would never have hazarded the following remarks, in the *Edinburgh Review* as late as July, 1843:


“However the political questions between England and America, as to the ownership of Oregon, may be decided, *Oregon will never be colonized overland from the United States.*”

“The world must assume a new face, before American wagons make plain the road to Columbia, as they have done to the Ohio.”

As if the above assertions were not sufficiently baseless, the following unfounded inference shows that the writer knew but little, in regard to the subject upon which he was attempting to enlighten the readers of the *Edinburgh Review*, “*Whoever, therefore, is to be the future owner of Oregon, its people will come from Europe.*” \*

Having perused these over-confident and unfounded assertions, with the absurd inference, I was somewhat interested to make inquiries, while traveling through the settlements, respecting the condition of Oregon, in the summer of 1843, when these remarks first appeared. In the year, or summer of 1843, 121 “American” wagons, drawn by 296 horses, and 698 oxen, and accompanied by 973 loose cattle, crossed the Rocky Mountains to Oregon! The total number of emigrants that year, was 1000, including 558 males, and 442 females of all ages! Previous to this period it is estimated, that about 400 had settled in the valley of the Willamette! We must conclude of course, that the world has assumed a new face!

## Chapter XII. Territorial Gov't of Oregon.

URING the joint occupancy of Oregon by England and the United States, emigrants from the Western States and other parts of the world settled in the country, but they did not find there a regularly organized government and courts of justice. Even after the question of the boundary was settled with England, it was a long

\*The quotations and the above statistics, we make from Greenhow's work on Oregon, published in New York, 1846.



time before the Congress of the United States took definite action in regard to a Territorial Government. In the meantime the people organized a Provisional Government—chose their governor, and other public officers—organized their courts and appointed their judges, and at the period of the Wailatpu massacre, the Provisional Governor called out a military force of several hundred soldiers. It reflects credit upon the Oregonians, as a law-respecting and order-loving people, that they could enact civil, judicial and military laws, which would be in force for the time being, but should cease when the time came for Congress to extend the Territorial Laws of the United States over the country.

The policy of the government of the United States seems peculiarly and admirably fitted for those portions of the country where the limited number of the inhabitants renders the expenses of a state government too burdensome. Hence, whilst the government at Washington claims the right of appointing certain Territorial officers, their salaries are paid from the United States Government Treasury.

The Territorial Government of Oregon consists of the following United States officers:

Governor: Joseph Lane (salary \$3,000).

Secretary: R. Pritchett (salary \$1,800).

Three Judges of the Supreme Court: W. P. Bryant, (ex.-off. Sup. Judge), O. C. Pratt, and ——— (salary, each \$2,000).

Attorney General: ——— (salary unknown).


Marshal: Joseph Meek (salary unknown).

In addition to the above mentioned officers the people enjoy the right of electing *nine* citizens to represent them in an Executive Council, and fifteen for a Legislative Assembly.

It is also the privilege of the people living under a territorial government to elect a delegate, who shall represent them in the Congress of the United States. He enjoys the privileges of a member of the House of Representatives, with the exception of voting.

The first election took place on the first Monday in June. I was present at the election which took place on the Tualatin Plains. At 12 o'clock, M., the county clerk called the meeting to order, and announced that it would be proper to appoint persons who should officiate as judges of the election, to prevent frauds. Three were chosen and duly sworn. The necessary preparations having been made for balloting, one of the judges announced that "the polls are now open, please walk up and vote." I was gratified to witness the perfect understanding of the voters in regard to the nature of the business in which they were engaged. Although assembled in a log house, in the woods of Oregon, yet they appeared, acted and spoke, like free born American citizens, conscious of their rights and privileges.

I learned that S. R. Thurston, Esq., was elected delegate to Congress.

 The following facts in regard to the Council and Assembly, I take from the latest *Pacific News*, published in California on the 29th of September, under the head of "information from Oregon."


"The Council is composed of H. Buck, from Clackamas County; W. Blair, of Tualatin; S. Parker and W. Shannon, of Champoe; J. Graves, of Yam Hill; W. G. Malay, of Linn; Nathaniel Ford, of Polk; N. Humphrey, of Benton; and S. I. McKean, of Clatsop, Lewis, and Vancouver counties.

"A. L. Lovejoy, W. D. Holman, and G. Walling were elected to the House from Clackamas; D. Hill, and W. W. Eng, from Tualatin; W. W. Chapman, W. S. Metlock, and John Grim, from Champoe; A. J. Hembre, R. Kinney, and J. B. Walling, from Yam Hill; Conser, and J. S. Dunlap, from Linn; H. N. V. Holmes, and S. Bench, from Polk; J. Mulkay, and G. B. Smith, from Benton; H. Simmons, from Clatsop; Lewis, and Vancouver.

"The legislature is now in session at Oregon City. The officers of the Council are S. Parker, chief; and A. A. Robinson, assistant clerk;

C. Davis, sergeant at arms; S. Kinney, doorkeeper; and Rev. D. Leslie, chaplain. Those of the House are A. L. Lovejoy, speaker; William Porter, chief; and E. Gendis, assistant clerk; William Holmes, sergeant at arms; D. D. Baily, doorkeeper; and Rev. H. Johnson, chaplain."

## Chapter XIII. *The Jargon.*


VERY visitor to Oregon will very soon after his arrival, learn that there is in use a new language, which has been created by the necessities of the situation in which emigrants, Hudson Bay Company officers, and others found themselves, in relation to the aborigines of the country. Indians have learned a few English and French words, foreigners have learned a few Indian words, so that ere long a mode of communication was introduced, which answered all the common purposes of trading and intercourse between the Indians and the white population. I was particularly struck with the frequent use which was made of this *jargon* (as this language is called), in the intercourse of the white inhabitants among themselves. There was one word which was in constant use, but its derivation I could not learn. This word was *cultus*. If a man was inefficient, he was *cultus*, and if any instrument was useless, it was *cultus*. The frequency with which the word was introduced into conversation led me to imagine that almost every thing and everybody, animate and inanimate in Oregon, must be *cultus*. Webster's spelling book has already been republished in Oregon, and when the time arrives for an edition of his dictionary to make its appearance there, it may be expected that *cultus* and numerous other words of the jargon will take their station by the side of words and terms derived from the French, Latin, Greek, and Anglo-Saxon.

At the close of *Palmer's Journal* I find a brief vocabulary of the words used in the "Chinook Jargon." "This is a tongue," says Palmer, "spoken by a few in each tribe residing in the middle and lower divisions of Oregon. It is also used by the French, and nearly all old settlers in the country."

I copy the following words—

<i>English.</i>	<i>Jargon.</i>
Chain,	Chinkamin.
Handkerchief,	Hankachim.
Crow,	Kawkaw.
Molasses,	Lo-ma-las.
Mountain,	Lemonte.
Name,	Neim.
Old,	Oldman.
Paper,	Papa.
Mad, angry,	Sal-luks.
Warm,	Wam.
Wood,	Stick.
Cat,	Puss.
Americans,	Bostons.
Englishmen,	King Geo. men, &c.

## Chapter XIV. *Over the Rocky Mountains.*

N the eleventh chapter of *Our Log Book* reference was made to the "overland settlement of Oregon." "Journals," "Diaries," "Travels," and "Histories" may be published, but a full report never can be made of the difficulties and hardships of an overland journey to the shores of the Pacific. A few spirited and adventurous young men may set off and accomplish the undertaking in a few weeks and



report it a pleasant summer excursion over the prairies and mountains; but it is a very different affair when husbands and wives, young men and maidens, old men and children, bid farewell to the last log cabin on the frontier of Missouri and commence their long and toilsome journey to Oregon. If a person would fully know the trials incident to the journey, he must make it, but next to that means of information let him go among the emigrants, sit with them at their hospitable tables and listen to their soul-thrilling narrations. Let him hear the story of that widow whose husband lies buried on the lonely prairie; of the bereaved mother whose child sleeps under a tuft of the wild sage; of that orphan whose parents died in that deep gorge of the mountains; and of that family which left a home of affluence, wealth, and intelligence, but now is struggling with poverty, sickness, and privation. I hope that I may never cease to admire the enterprise, hardihood, and patience of the first settlers of Oregon, who found their way thither across the Rocky Mountains.

The narrative of the journey of an emigrating party, which crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1815, has been placed at my disposal but its great length utterly precludes its insertion among the leaves of *Our Log Book*. It would almost form a book of itself.

## Chapter XV. *Return to the "Massachusetts."*



LETTER from Captain Wood notified me that the MASSACHUSETTS would soon leave for California, and if I wished to take passage, I must speedily report myself on board. During the evening previous to leaving Oregon City, I made several calls in the way of preparation for my departure. I shall not soon forget a contrast that evening presented to my mind. At one place I found a company of persons drinking, gambling, and using the most profane lan-

guage, but at the next house where I called, I found a group of Christians knelt in prayer, one of whom I heard earnestly addressing the throne of Grace. Thus it is in our world! What strange contrasts does it present! One calls upon God in prayer, another will curse the Being who gave and sustains his life; here is virtue, there vice, here is holiness, there sin. Surely none but God knows the heart, or will be able to judge every man according to his true deserts.

This morning, June 8th, rainy and disagreeable weather, quitted the landing, after numerous delays, at just 12 o'clock, M., having embarked in a Hudson Bay Company's boat, Lieutenant Hawkins kindly furnishing me a passage to Fort Vancouver. On our passage down the Willamette, we passed the brig HENRY about three miles below the Falls, that being the highest point that a vessel of say 100 tons can ascend. Indeed, Portland is considered the head of navigation. Between the Falls and Portland, on the east bank of the river, I was informed that there was a settler, who had under cultivation about 40,000 fruit trees, of various kinds, including the apple, the pear, the peach, the plum, etc. In the garden of ex-Governor Abernethy at Oregon City, I saw thrifty peach trees, and from what I could learn respecting fruits, Oregon is well adapted to the fruit growing trees, which flourish in the Eastern and Middle States.

We stopped at Portland to dine, and then proceeded on our way to Fort Vancouver. I was somewhat expecting to have found the MASSACHUSETTS at Portland, as I was aware that she had been thus far up the Willamette, to take on board a cargo of lumber for California. Dr. Newell was a fellow passenger with me down the Willamette. He is an American, a native of Ohio, having been twenty years an Indian trader in the mountains and resident in Oregon. He was in company with Dr. Whitman when he entered the territory in 1835, and was intimately acquainted with all the Indian troubles connected with the massacre at Wailatpu. He was one of the com-



missioners who accompanied the army that marched into the Cayuse country to inflict punishment upon the guilty perpetrators of that outrage. "It was a sad sight," he remarked, "to behold the ruins of the mission station, lately so flourishing." As the soldiers came up to the ruins and beheld the havoc which had been made and reflected that on that spot Dr. Whitman, his wife, and several others had been cruelly murdered, they were filled with indignation and were ready to inflict a soldier's revenge.

We reached the MASSACHUSETTS, lying at Port Vancouver, about 11 or 12 o'clock at night. The Rev. Mr. Roberts had also been a fellow passenger from Portland as he, too, was going to embark for California on business connected with the Methodist Church.

It was exceedingly pleasant to step on board the MASSACHUSETTS and to meet her generous and gentlemanly commander, Captain Wood. I sincerely regretted his duties had confined him so closely to the vessel, that he could not have made an excursion among the settlements of the Willamette Valley.


On my return to the MASSACHUSETTS I found quite a new state of things. Both officers and soldiers with all their tents and war-like equipage were removed on shore. Their tents were erected in rear of the Fort. Although it was now the middle of June the weather was quite cool, and I deeply sympathized with officers and men encamped upon the "tented plain." The soldier as well as sailor has surely many hardships to encounter and it truly is no trifling hardship during times of peace to be sent to a remote part of the country and there stationed for years; while the busy world is hurrying on amidst bustle and noise, the officer of the army and the private soldier are spending a quiet and monotonous life, receiving their daily rations and contriving all kinds of sports to "kill the time." I was glad to know that the officers and soldiers had taken the precaution to supply themselves with a good quantity of entertaining books. I rarely met a man

more fond of reading than Major Hathaway. I fancy he might say with one of Shakespeare's players:

"My library, a dukedom large enough."

I doubt not that officers and privates will find ample time for reading.

## Chapter XVI. *Departure from Ft. Vancouver.*

 HERE is one feature of the Hudson Bay Company's trading establishment that must favorably impress the mind of a religious man. There is a marked respect for religious institutions. It is the invariable practice to maintain public services at the Fort on the Sabbath. If a Protestant clergyman of any denomination is present he is invited to preach after the reading of the Episcopal service. Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational clergymen have at different times officiated there. In past years the officers of the establishment have been remarkably kind to ministers of the gospel. On their arrival they have been invited to remain so long as they might choose, free of charge, and were privileged with a seat at the company's table. After public worship this morning, May 10, Mr. Ogden reading the Episcopal service, and myself preaching from Ps. 119, 11, I listened to a full account of the Wailatpu massacre, by Mr. Ogden.

On the following morning, Monday, the MASSACHUSETTS left the Fort. Really a more pleasant, mild, and propitious day could not have been asked for, wherein to glide down the Columbia. Its banks were clothed in the richest foliage. I am sure spring never decked the country with a robe of deeper and richer green. As steam and tide rapidly bore us down the stream and I gazed probably for the last time upon the mountains, hills, and forests of Lower Oregon, I strenuously endeavored to fix a panoramic view of nature's handiwork

upon the tablet of the mind. As I reviewed my brief sojourn among the Oregonians, I found memory stored with the most pleasant reminiscences. Old acquaintances had been revived and new ones formed. I had witnessed the enterprising and intelligent citizens of the country busy in their various employments, but laying the foundations of civil, religious, political, and literary institutions, which were to bless posterity.


This afternoon, May 11th, came to anchor opposite Mr. Burnie's farm to take in a supply of vegetables for the California market. Next day got upon the sand bar, off Tongue Point, and the following came to anchor at Astoria. Here we were detained one day on account of fog and unfavorable weather.

During our detention at Astoria an opportunity was afforded the ladies of the "city" to visit the MASSACHUSETTS. There was a remarkable "turn out." I was glad to learn that Dr. Wilson had been located by the superintendent of the Methodist mission to preach and labor at Astoria. As he was once a seafaring man I am quite sanguine that seamen will find in him a kind friend; hence I took great pleasure in furnishing him with a partial supply of the *Seamen's Hymn Book*.

While at Astoria I became acquainted by report and my own observation with some facts that ought to make those merchants who sent rum to Oregon on board the SACRAMENTO, ashamed of their guilty traffic. When the MASSACHUSETTS first entered the Columbia River, no spiritous liquors were for sale in the territory. We heard of no difficulty among the Indians or sailors. But now the scene was changed. A rum-selling craft, the SACRAMENTO, had brought up a supply of spiritous liquors. Indians had obtained a quantity and *one murder* had already been the result, so I was informed at Astoria. At Portland seamen had obtained a supply and were riotous. So the whole country, or all parts of the territory where the liquors went,

must be taxed with noise, riots, drunkenness and even murder, to enrich the owners of the cargo of that one vessel. The ancients were accustomed to punish the murderer by fastening the dead body of the murdered person to the murderer's back, and compelling him to bear about the loathsome appendage until decay should relieve him of the load. It surely would be a fit and suitable punishment for drunkard-makers, alias spirit venders, if they were compelled to carry about their drunken victims until sobriety should return. I was much gratified with learning that among the Oregonians generally, there was a correct moral sentiment in regard to both the use and sale of intoxicating liquors.

## Chapter XVII. *Books Upon Oregon.*

 SEVERAL publications have appeared relating to Oregon. The following I have chanced to meet with: *Vancouver's Voyages*; *U.S. Exploring Expedition*; *History of Oregon and California*, by Robert Greenhow, New York, 1848; *Scenes in the Rocky Mountains*; *The Oregon Territory* and *British North American Fur Trade*, by John Dunn; *Palmer's Journal*; Various Publications of the Methodist Episcopal Mission; *Oregon Spectator*, three volumes; *Oregon Free Press*, one volume; *Oregon American*, seven numbers. Among the early works upon Oregon of deep interest I must not fail to mention *Lewis and Clark's Journal*, and Irving's *Astoria*. I have recently seen notices of a new work on Oregon by Judge Thornton, which is much commended by the reviewers, but I have not as yet met with the book.

Having read the several works which have fallen in my way, and seen a portion of the country, I am prepared to assert that historians, travelers, antiquarians, and scientific authors, have but just entered this field of research and investigation. It is a field that will amply



reward the literary man and the scientific explorer. I hope soon to hear of the organization of an historical society among the literary men of Oregon, and also that the lovers of the sciences—botany, geology, minerology, zoology—have their associations. It is occasion of just pride to Oregon, that the clergymen of the various denominations are laborious and energetic men. They have it in their power to accomplish an immense amount of good connected with the literary and scientific institutions of the territory. May *Oregon* become the *New England* of the Pacific.

This morning, 16th of June, 7 o'clock, left Astoria, and the MASSACHUSETTS recrossed the bar of the Columbia in safety. Today is the sixtieth since leaving Honolulu. We were twenty-one to the river, five days ascending; the vessel lay twenty-nine at Fort Vancouver and Portland, and this is the fifth since leaving the former place. Now, we are once more safely at sea, bound to San Francisco. Ho, for California!



## Chapter XVIII. *Departure for California.*

**T**HE prevailing winds along the coast being from the northwest, vessels are enabled to make quick passages from the mouth of the Columbia River to the Bay of San Francisco. The distance is about four hundred miles. I met the master of a vessel in the Columbia River, who had just made the passage down in seventy-eight hours from Baker's Bay to the anchorage at San Francisco, although on his return passage up the coast he was fifteen days, which is considered a very good passage. Vessels are oftentimes twice that length of time in sailing from San Francisco to the Columbia



River. The MASSACHUSETTS crossed the bar of the Columbia on Saturday morning, and on the following Tuesday afternoon, she was off the entrance of the Bay, but prevented from entering on account of the dense fog.

On the Sabbath, we had Divine service on board. Captain Wood being ever ready to show respect for the Day, he most readily made arrangement for the assembling of the ship's company in the large and commodious cabin. It was our expectation to have listened to a discourse from the Rev. Mr. Roberts, a fellow passenger, but just before the time for holding service, he was obliged to inform us that it would be impossible for him to preach on account of sea-sickness.

We had some most agreeable passengers from Oregon, viz.: Judge Bryant, the Rev. Mr. Roberts, and Dr. Welsh; thus each of the learned professions had its representative. Judge Bryant is at the head of the Judiciary Department in the Territory. He is a native of Kentucky, but has practiced law for about twenty years in Indiana. It is his intention to remove his family to Oregon and make that his permanent residence. The Rev. Mr. Roberts is the superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, in Oregon and California, and was on a visit to the latter country for the purpose of completing arrangements for the future supply of Upper California with ministers of the gospel, under the direction and patronage of the Methodist denomination. Their system of itinerary preaching is admirably calculated for a newly settled country. Methodist ministers may well be compared to those light-armed troops, who proceed in advance of the main body of an invading army. Their system has accomplished an untold amount of good throughout the sparsely settled districts upon the western frontier of the United States. Mr. Roberts informed me that in September a convention of Methodist clergymen would assemble at Salem, in Oregon, for the purpose of organizing an annual conference, embracing Oregon, California, and New Mexico. This

will undoubtedly promote the efficiency and permanency of the Methodist denomination on this side of the Rocky Mountains. As the country continues to increase in population, Oregon and California will have their separate conferences.

Our other passenger, Dr. Welsh, was an Oregon farmer, who was now on his way to California, for the purpose of exercising his professional skill, in curing the miners as they come sick and diseased from the mines.

Early this morning the fog cleared away and about 9 o'clock a fine opportunity was afforded for the MASSACHUSETTS to enter the most magnificent of Bays. Steam, wind, and tide hurried our vessel along and soon after passing the entrance of the bay, we were at anchor amidst a "forest of ships." I counted sixty-eight vessels at anchor. Our vessel was visited by an officer, who informed us that the steamer PANAMA would sail in less than two hours for the Isthmus. This afforded us a fine opportunity to forward letters, which in thirty days would reach friends in the Atlantic States. On visiting the PANAMA I was most agreeably surprised to meet several gentlemen whom I had known at the Sandwich Islands. Among them Messrs. Williams, Boardman, and Jarves. They were among the first to improve the new facilities for making a passage from the Sandwich Islands to the United States, without doubling Cape Horn.

## Chapter XIX. *The Bay of San Francisco.*



THE following description of the bay is extracted from a recent memoir by Colonel Fremont, communicated to the Congress of the United States, during the summer of 1848.

"The Bay of San Francisco is separated from the sea by low mountain ranges. Looking from the peaks of the Sierra

Nevada, the coast mountains present an apparently continuous line, with only a single gap, resembling a mountain pass. This is the entrance to the great bay, and is the only water communication from the coast to the interior country. Approaching from the sea, the coast presents a bold outline. On the south the bordering mountains come down in a narrow ridge of broken hills, terminating in a precipitous point, against which the sea breaks heavily. On the northern side, the mountain presents a bold promontory, rising in a few miles into a height of two or three thousand feet. Between these points is the strait—about one mile broad in the narrowest part, and five miles long from the sea to the bay.

“Passing through this gate, the bay opens to the right and left, extending in each direction about thirty-five miles, having a total length of more than seventy, and a coast of about 275 miles. It is divided by straits, and projecting points, into three separate bays, of which the northern two are called San Pablo and Suisoon bays. Within, the view presented is of a mountainous country, the bay resembling an interior lake of deep water, lying between parallel ranges of mountains. Islands, which have the bold character of the shores—some mere masses of rock, and others grass covered, rising to the height of three and eight hundred feet—break its surface and add to its picturesque appearance. Directly fronting the entrance, mountains—a few miles from the shore—rise about 2,000 feet above the water, crowned by a forest of the lofty cypress, which is visible from the sea and makes a conspicuous landmark for vessels entering the bay. Behind, the ragged peak of Mount Diablo, nearly 4,000 feet high (3,770) overlooks the surrounding country of the bay and San Joaquin. The immediate shore of the bay derives from its proximate and opposite relation to the sea, the name of *contra costa* (counter coast, or opposite coast). It presents a varied character of ragged and broken hills, rolling and undulating land, and rich alluvial shores, backed by fertile

and wooded ranges, suitable for towns, villages and farms, with which it is beginning to be dotted. A low alluvial bottom land, several miles in breadth, with occasional open woods of oak, borders the foot of the mountains around the southern arm of the bay, terminating on a breadth of twenty miles in the fertile valley of St. Joseph—a narrow plain of rich soil—lying between ranges from two to three thousand feet high. The valley is openly wooded with groves of oak, free from underbrush, and after the spring rains covered with grass. Taken in connection with the valley of San Juan, with which it forms a continuous plain, it is fifty-five miles long and one to twenty miles broad, opening into smaller valleys among the hills. At the head of the bay it is twenty miles broad and about the same at the southern end where the soil is beautifully fertile, covered in summer with four or five varieties of wild clover several feet high.

“The strait of Carquinez, about one mile wide and eight or ten fathoms deep, connects the San Pablo and Suisoon bays. Around these bays, smaller valleys open into the bordering country, and some of the streams have a short launch navigation, which serves to convey produce to the bay. Missions and large farms were established at the head of navigation on these streams, which are favorable sites for towns or villages. The country around the Suisoon Bay presents small low ridges and rounded hills, clothed with wild oats, and more or less openly wooded on their summits.


“The Suisoon is connected with an expansion of river formed by the junction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, which enter the Francisco Bay in the same latitude, nearly, as the mouth of the Tagus at Lisbon. A delta of twenty-five miles in length, divided into islands by deep channels, connects the bay with the valley of the San Joaquin and Sacramento, into the mouths of which the tide flows and which enter the bay together as one river.

“Such is the bay and the proximate country and shores of the bay



of San Francisco. It is not a mere indentation of the coast, but a little sea to itself, connected with the ocean by a defensible gate opening out between seventy and eighty miles to the right and left, upon a breadth of ten to fifteen, deep enough for the largest ships, with bold shores suitable for towns and settlements, and fertile adjacent country for cultivation. The head of the bay is about forty miles from the sea, and there commences its connection with the noble valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento."

## Chapter XX. *San Francisco.*

Nlanding in San Francisco, I must confess I was somewhat disappointed in the appearance of the town. As a *city* it did not fill up that "beau ideal" which I had pictured in my imagination. I had perhaps expected too much. I was however not disappointed in the business-like appearance of the town. I had witnessed nothing for years which so much reminded me of the hurry and bustle of the business portions of the cities of Boston and New York. Stores and dwelling houses were going up with magic-like rapidity. New streets were opening and enterprise was the characteristic of the place. As I mingled among the hurrying crowd, a mere "looker on in Venice," I soon learned that it was no place for an idle man. I was surprised to meet so many familiar countenances. It really seemed as if one-fourth of the population had emigrated from Honolulu, or had spent a season there.

I found it impossible to learn the population of San Francisco, but at this date (July 21st), there cannot be less than 5,000 to 8,000. It was gratifying to learn that while merchants, lawyers, physicians, mechanics, and laborers of every description were busy in their various employments, a number of clergymen had commenced their pro-



fessional labors. One year previously and there was not a Protestant clergyman in Upper California; now there are at San Francisco, alone, no less than four: the Rev. Mr. Hunt, chaplain to the citizens of San Francisco, the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, pastor of the Baptist church, the Rev. Mr. Williams, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and the Rev. Mr. Mines, an Episcopal clergyman. The Methodists are now erecting a chapel and are soon expecting a minister of the gospel to be laboring among them.

During my visit on shore, the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of July, although I saw much which was wrong, yet, upon the whole, I did not witness so many exhibitions of depravity as I expected, from the accounts which I had heard and read. I am satisfied that the tendency is in the way of improvement, and good order. It was surprising that there were so few cases of theft and robbery considering how exposed vast quantities of goods of every description were about the wharves and along the streets.

## Chapter XXI. *Passage to Benicia.*



THE MASSACHUSETTS being ordered to Benicia, to discharge her cargo, after spending two days at San Francisco, she sailed thither. The vessel affording such excellent accommodations, General Smith and suite, the Hon. T. B. King, and several other gentlemen took passage for Benicia, situated on the north side of the Straits of Carquinez, about thirty-six miles from San Francisco. On the passage I was introduced to Mr. W., late from New York. He is the author of a work on the Tories of the American Revolution. I know not that I ever met with a person more intimately acquainted with the history of all the old families of New England. He related this anecdote respecting Judge Prescott (father of the historian), and

Mr. Peabody, an old Salem merchant. In early life Mr. P. applied to the Judge for advice in some legal affairs. In course of the interview the Judge remarked, "If you would succeed in the world, avoid lawyers and lawsuits." So much pleased was Mr. Peabody with this advice, that he allowed the Judge to make various shipments to the East Indies in his ships, freight free, by which he laid the foundation of a large fortune of several hundred thousand dollars, which has descended to ———.

The hills and mountains surrounding the bay present a most singular appearance, much resembling immense drifts of sand, but I learn that they are covered with wild oats, which in the rainy season look perfectly green, but as the rains cease, the straw dries up and the grain ripens, affording pasturage for immense herds of cattle and horses, which range over the country for many leagues, no fences obstructing their rambles. The scenery surrounding the bay is so unlike any that I have elsewhere beheld, that I find a description difficult, if not impossible. There may be valleys capable of tillage, but the country generally is ill adapted to farming purposes. The farmer would be especially troubled for want of water and fencing materials.

The afternoon was delightful. The atmosphere essentially changed after leaving the region about San Francisco, where the raw and disagreeable winds have such fair play. As we sailed along the shore lying upon the straits leading into Pablo Bay, a deer was seen grazing on the highland. He raised his head and took a view of our steamship, as much as to say, "What strange craft is this?—what new event has occurred which attracts so many strangers to these shores—as sure as I behold so many strange sails and strange people going up and down the waters of this bay, I and my fellow wild game of the forests will retire." Upon inquiry I learned that the deer, the antelope and the elk are fast disappearing from their old haunts. Just before dark

the MASSACHUSETTS came to anchor off the Army Depot, about a mile above the rising town of Benicia.

## Chapter XXII. *Benicia.*



ODAY, June 23rd, I visited the city of Benicia. The following remarks concerning the place, I copy from the editorial columns of the *Alta California*, of July 2nd:

“This is the rival of San Francisco for the empire of the Pacific. It is situated on the Straits of Carquinez, about thirty-five miles from the ocean, on a gentle slope which becomes almost a plain as it nears the water’s edge. It contains about 500 inhabitants, including soldiers now stationed there, and many buildings have been erected there of late. It is now made the headquarters of the U. S. Army. The large deposit of army quartermaster and commissary stores, have recently been removed from San Francisco to that place, and a site has been selected by Commodore Jones for a navy yard a short distance above the town. This place is certainly rapidly advancing in size and importance, but we do not doubt that its prosperity will always be dependent on that of San Francisco. A great many harsh things have been said of army and navy officers ‘lending their influence’ to build up this rival to San Francisco, but we have no disposition to repeat them. There is no necessity for it either, as whatever may be the result of that speculation, we regard the prosperity and destiny of San Francisco as so securely fixed by her natural position, her capital and her energy, as to defy the efforts of all the speculators that ever existed.”

Here I found the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, a Presbyterian clergyman, engaged in a school, and preaching on the Sabbath. He seemed to have secured the confidence of all classes in the community, and I

was rejoiced to perceive that he was laboring for the real benefit of the future inhabitants of the country. He left on Long Island a flourishing society and church, which were cordially united in his support, where he had labored as a minister of the gospel for fourteen years. After surveying the country he decided upon Benicia as prospectively opening a wide and promising field for ministerial usefulness. He is expecting to return, ere long, for his family, and cast in his lot with the rising fortunes of the people of the country.

## Chapter XXIII. *The Hon. T.B. King's Address.*



AGREEABLE to a public notice, I went June 25th, at 4 o'clock, P.M., to the school-room of the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, to hear an address from the Hon. Mr. King, member of Congress from Georgia, before the citizens of Benicia. After returning on board the MASSACHUSETTS I recorded the following as the substance of his remarks. I do not pretend to give his exact phraseology for he was nearly an hour in making his address.

He commenced by adverting to the peculiar circumstances under which had gathered representatives from the four quarters of the globe. [Officers of the U. S. Army, a merchant from Chili, a physician from Baltimore, another from Washington, a western pioneer, a clergyman from Long Island, an ex-U. S. Consul from S. I., one or more from England, but in all not exceeding over fifty persons.] Some, he remarked, had censured Congress because that body had not organized a Territorial Government for California, but he was prepared to give his reasons, showing that it was a fortunate circumstance that no Territorial Government had been organized. The Congress of the United States has fully discussed the affairs of California, and the Executive was ready to proceed; but then came up the vexed



question of slavery. The advocates of the Wilmot Proviso (which was essentially the ordinance of Congress respecting the non-existence of slavery in the territory northwest of the Ohio), would by a law of Congress shut slavery out of California; but no, says the South, let that question remain unsettled until California shall settle the question for herself. The period had now arrived, as he thought, for the people of California to do it. Now was the time for California to become a State. A sufficient number of inhabitants were already in the Territory. There was an impression abroad that a certain district of country must have a definite number of inhabitants before it could be admitted as a State. That impression was unfounded; but even if it was not, very soon California would contain 100,000 inhabitants. This he was confident would be the case before the close of the current year; and should the gold mines continue to yield as they had done, not a long period would elapse before half a million of people would become citizens of the country. Hence, California was now ready to take her station as a sovereign State of the Union. There could then be no question but it was the duty of the people of California immediately to take the preliminary steps for the organization of a state government. California needed her senators and representatives in Congress, to urge her claims more effectually than it was possible to be done by the delegate of a Territory who might make suggestions but would not be entitled to a vote.

He then adverted to the unquestionable fact that California was about to assume a great importance and that of necessity. For a long period the idea of a railroad to the Pacific had been discussed. Almost every state in the Union had passed resolutions in its favor, and now if its construction is decided practicable, its *terminus* must be in this valley; nature had so decreed, and it was not in the power of man to annul that decree. Here, in this mighty basin, on the banks of this bay (he would not pretend to define the location), but here was to



arise a mighty Babylon—here was to center a vast commerce—through this channel was to flow the products of China and Polynesia. The teas and silks of China must be conveyed along this route to the shores of the Atlantic and perhaps to Europe. The commerce of California, he thought, this year would equal that of any state of the Union.

In concluding his remarks he referred in a familiar manner to some things which had surprised him since his arrival in the country; e. g., he was astonished to witness the order which reigned at San Francisco on the Sabbath. As he walked the streets on a Sabbath morning he heard not the sound of the hammer, neither witnessed any more disorder than would have appeared in a well organized Christian community.

He doubted not, should the proper steps be taken by the people of the country for a state organization, that the older states would joyfully welcome California to the sisterhood of the Union, and pass laws favorable to commerce, schools, &c.

I learned that the Hon. Mr. King is a New Englander by birth, but has resided for many years at the South. His name is intimately associated with the enterprise of steam navigation between Panama and California. I believe that he brought forward the measure in Congress. He was one of the candidates for the Secretaryship of the Navy, under the present administration, if I have been correctly informed. I could not but conclude that his visit to California was most opportune, for on his return to Washington he will be prepared to furnish the Executive and Congress with some valuable information, which is much needed!



Chapter XXIV. *No Good Maps of California.*

**A**LTHOUGH near three centuries have elapsed since California was discovered—although Jesuit Missionaries have for nearly a century traversed the country—and although much has been published about the country, yet its geography has been but imperfectly known. It is not until today, June 25, that I have met with anything like a tolerably well executed map of the country watered by the waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, together with their numerous tributaries. This map was sketched by Colonel Fremont, or under his direction, still even this is far from being accurate. It would be amusing to collate the numerous maps or charts purporting to delineate the interior of Alta California. No two would agree. Some make the Sacramento River run due west, others make the San Joaquin empty into the Bay of San Francisco at San Jose; verily the interior of Africa is equally well known to the civilized world. I found it impossible to obtain any definite and satisfactory information respecting the geography of the country, from any existing maps, until that of Colonel Fremont chanced to fall in my way. The desideratum however, will very soon be supplied. One of the good results of the discovery of the gold mines, will be that the vast regions west of the Rocky Mountains, north of Mexico, and south of the Columbia River, will very soon be thoroughly explored. Every river and stream, mountain and hill, valley and *cañon*, prairie and plain, will be explored, and accurately laid down upon the maps. More will be done this year than has been done for three centuries, to obtain accurate geographical knowledge of the country.



Chapter XXV. *Interior of Alta California.*

THE following letter is essentially the copy of one which I wrote from Benicia, to a friend in the United States, after my return from an excursion through the interior of Upper California:

U. S. Propeller, MASSACHUSETTS,  
Benicia, U. C., July 17, 1849.

Dear Sir:—In my last communication forwarded from this place about three weeks since, I endeavored to keep you duly informed of my peregrinations down to my arrival in California. Since that date I have made an excursion into the interior of the country, having traveled by land and water about 500 miles, and endeavored to make myself acquainted with the natural features of the country, its inhabitants, its mining characteristics, and future prospects. I was about eighteen days, during which period I slept in a “civilized” bed but once, seldom enjoyed the luxury of a chair, and otherwise accommodated myself to the strange scenes of this strange country. Thinking you might be interested in a narrative of my rambles, I shall furnish a succinct diary of events. I will, however, preface these notes of the journey by a few remarks upon the general outlines of the country through which I have passed. About twenty miles above Benicia, or fifty miles from the ocean, the rivers Sacramento and San Joaquin unite in Suisoon Bay, being a part of the great Bay of San Francisco. The San Joaquin River rises in about the 36° of Latitude, and taking a northwesterly direction, being fed by numerous tributaries, empties into Suisoon, or San Francisco Bay. This river is very winding, being at least twice the length of a straight line drawn from its head waters to its mouth. I believe on all the tributaries of this stream, which flows from the California mountains, or the Sierra Nevada range, gold has been discovered. The river Stanislaus is a

tributary of the San Joaquin. It is upon this river that some of the richest mines are now found. To correspond to the San Joaquin, the Sacramento flows from the north, rising in the range of mountainous country lying between California and Oregon. The vast regions drained by these rivers and their numerous branches, form the immense basin of Upper California. All the rivers and streams flowing from the western slope of the Sierra Nevada range, and the eastern slope of the Coast range, empty their waters into the magnificent Bay of San Francisco, and from thence find a passage into the Pacific Ocean. It was my intention, so far as I was able in a few weeks, to travel sufficiently over this country to obtain a tolerably correct idea of the portion of our country which has within a few months assumed so much importance in a political and commercial point of view. I now refer you to my journal.

#### AN EXCURSION UP SAN JOAQUIN

This morning embarked on board a small schooner bound up the San Joaquin to Stockton. After passing through Suisoon Bay, our vessel entered the river. We passed the "New York of the Pacific" on our left. This is the site for a city lying near the union of the waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. It has been surveyed and laid out. In the California papers "lots" are now offered for sale, but as yet only a solitary dwelling, and that a miserable structure, marks the spot! But in these days there is no predicting how soon a stirring town may be there located.\* On entering the river we very soon

\*The truth of the opinion expressed in the above remarks respecting the possibility that the "New York of the Pacific" might soon become a flourishing town is confirmed by the following notice of the place, which I copy from the "Pacific News" published in San Francisco, Sept. 29, just three months after I passed the site of the proposed city:

NEW YORK OF THE PACIFIC.—Since our last notice of this beautiful site for a large city, we are advised that it is going ahead with railroad speed.

There is now established from thence to Sacramento and Sutter cities, a regu-



found ourselves sailing up a stream about two hundred yards wide, quite deep and having a slight current. On both sides were immense marshes covered with *tules* or large rushes, growing from ten to fifteen feet in height. Low willows, bushes, and other plants, such as grow in low and marshy places were every where to be seen. From the deck of the vessel it was possible to obtain only a narrow prospect. With a fine breeze from the northwest we made rapid progress up the river.

Last evening we came to anchor, as it would be quite impossible to navigate this river in the night. But oh! the mosquitoes! Never could persons be more annoyed. There was but little sleep on board. In the morning our mate was found to be so much poisoned, and swollen by the effect of the mosquitoes that he was unable to remain on duty. During the entire day we sailed through the *tule* marshes. The features of the country remaining the same.

lar line of steamers, and there is a fine river steamer building here by Capt. Blair of the U. S. Navy, that will be put upon the same route within twenty days; another is building at New York of the Pacific, by the company of the ship "Mayflower," which will be in operation within the same time for the river San Joaquin. There are now lying alongside the banks of this new city, seven ships of the largest class, none drawing less than twelve, and most of them sixteen feet of water. The "Sabina," Capt. Green, of Sag Harbor; "Audley Clark," Capt. Dennis, of Newport, R. I.; "Mayflower," Capt. Hicks, of New Bedford; "Lenark," Capt. Woodbury, of Boston; "Henry Lee," of New York; "Obid Mitchell," of New Bedford, and one other name not recollected, and arrangements have been made for ten other vessels to go there in the course of the next week, besides which a Post Office has been established which is called the Junction Post Office. This name is given in consequence of its being the point where the exchange of mails which leave San Francisco, Sacramento, and Sutter cities, and Stockton, at the same time will be made. A large hotel will be immediately commenced, and other buildings in addition to those already erected, are going up at various points in the town; and the piles of brick and lumber on the banks, indicate rapid and prominent improvement.

The proprietors it will be seen by their advertisement, by handbills and papers, offer most liberal terms to settlers who will make improvements, and as its growing importance is daily becoming more manifest, investments made there must be very productive.



## ARRIVAL AT STOCKTON

About two o'clock today we reached the thriving town of Stockton. It is a city of tents, there being only two wooden buildings in the place. The site of the town is well situated on a *slough* (as it is called), of the San Joaquin. These *sloughs* are quite remarkable and peculiar. The one upon which Stockton is situated is several miles in length, being very deep and varying from 100 to 200 yards in width. It will admit vessels of 300 or 400 tons, which can come along the bank. Never could nature have formed more admirable docks. Goods are easily landed upon the bank and removed elsewhere. It is only a few months since the place began to be built upon and now "lots" are selling from \$300 to \$5000, a piece. Hither resort, for supplies, the miners now digging upon the tributaries of the San Joaquin.

Today became acquainted with some of the inhabitants of the town. Mr. Belt, the Alcalde, kindly furnished me lodgings at his store. I learned that a clergyman had never spent a Sabbath in the town. The inhabitants never had a sermon preached in their midst. On making known that I was a clergyman, arrangements were made for holding services on board a vessel now used as a store-ship, and moored alongside the bank.

At the appointed hour a respectable audience assembled; to which I endeavored to preach from the words of Paul recorded in Galatians, 6th chapter, 7th and 8th verses. I am satisfied that to many it was most agreeable once more to hear the sound of a minister's voice proclaiming the gospel. Some had not heard a sermon before for years. After the services I endeavored to explain the nature of my duties as a Seaman's Chaplain, and make known what our society was endeavoring to do for the seafaring population. I heard one of the merchants remark that it had really been one of the quietest Sabbaths he had witnessed in Stockton. I am satisfied that a faithful minister of the gospel would be well received by the inhabitants of this growing town.

## JOURNEY TO SUTTER'S FORT

Made preparations to leave for Sutter's Fort, by land, a distance of seventy miles. A large business is daily transacted in Stockton—probably not less than from \$50,000 to \$100,000. Vessels are daily arriving and departing; teams are daily leaving for the mines; hundreds of mules and pack-horses may be seen at almost any hour departing for El Dorado. A daily line of stages is now established to the mines, a distance of ninety miles. It was 3 o'clock, P.M., before I was able to leave, in consequence of being called to attend the funeral of a Mr. Shaw, who died the day before. I had visited him during his sickness and learned that he was a native of Plymouth, Mass., and had been discharged a few months previously from the whaleship *SOUTH AMERICA* at Lahaina. Agreeable to a previous arrangement, about ten or twelve miles from Stockton, I joined a party bound to Sutter's Fort, to spend the 4th of July. We met at Dr. Isbell's. He is a native of Ohio, and graduate of Western Reserve College. His lady furnished us a most excellent dinner and supper! We rode about six miles farther this afternoon, and then stopped for the night, but alas, our condition was distressing. Mosquitoes had no mercy. I am satisfied it would have been difficult for the good old monk spoken of in the chronicles of Brazil, to have given thanks for the creation of mosquitoes, if he had suffered what we suffered that night. My kind host furnished me with the best lodging in his power, being a well-covered western wagon, but the night slowly wore away, and I started with the dawn, upon a fleet California steed, which took me rapidly over the prairie, at the rate of nine miles an hour. We stopped to breakfast with a Mr. Murphey, a native of the Emerald Isle, who has been several years in California, and gathered around him large herds of horses and cattle.

In crossing one prairie about twenty miles in width, I found but little to attract the attention, except a solitary grave, in nearly the

middle of the prairie. It was that of a poor wayfaring man, who attempted to cross the prairie afoot, and alone. Weary, sick, and exhausted, he laid down and died. His remains were found exposed by the roadside, and at a short distance a bottle. Some friendly stranger had dug him a grave, and there was the little hillock in the midst of the prairie. I know not when I have passed the grave of a fellow mortal with more sad emotions.

The country between Stockton and Sutter's Fort is very level and dry. A part of the distance the traveler passes through extensive "oak openings." Weary and sunburnt we arrived at the Fort about 12 o'clock, having rode nearly seventy miles since 3 o'clock of the previous afternoon.

The morning was ushered in with the firing of cannon and crackers. It had been reported that Colonel Fremont, Hon. T. B. King, and other distinguished visitors would probably be present on the occasion. In this respect there was a general feeling of disappointment. The day, however, must not be passed unnoticed. Arrangements were made for public addresses in the oak grove lying between the Fort and Sacramento City. At 1 o'clock a numerous audience assembled when the following order of exercises was observed:

*Prayer*, by Rev. S. C. Damon.

*Reading of the Declaration of Independence*, by Mr. McLellan.

*Oration*, by Dr. Deal.

*Address*, by Hon. Mr. Gwinn.

Almost every state of the Union and part of the world had its representatives on that occasion.

Towards evening, in strolling among the trees, which occupy the site of Sacramento City, I chanced to fall upon the temporary abode of Prof. F. Shepherd, formerly connected with the department of Natural History and Chemistry, in a college in Ohio. He had just finished a cup of the beverage of China, and I spent a most agreeable

hour with him conversing about the physical features of the country. Prof. S. is exploring the country, but with genuine Yankee spirit, is determined to pay his way! So having purchased an ox-team, he is engaged in the transportation of goods from Sacramento City to the "mills." He remarked that his last trip produced a profit of \$400 above his expenses. Teaming is more profitable than lecturing!

In visiting the landing, at Sacramento City, I chanced to fall in with a miner, recently arrived. I learned that in a month he had collected \$1,500 worth of gold. This man was formerly a miner in North Carolina where one pennyweight per diem was considered as doing well, but in the California mines the average amount gathered by those who labor diligently is nearly one ounce. Not a few far exceed that amount, while many are discouraged and disheartened, obtaining scarcely enough to pay their board. I have met with many who have forsaken the mines in disgust, for mining in California is hard work, severely testing the patience, energy, and constitution of the miners. As many are unsuccessful as successful. Probably no class of miners have succeeded better than the Oregonians. They are hardy and industrious. Having crossed the Rocky Mountains with their families, they know by experience what it is to labor and to labor hard.

#### MORMON ISLAND

Started this morning to visit the mines at "Mormon Island." About twenty-five miles from the Fort, situated on the South Fork. The weather was warm and the road very dusty. On my arrival I was kindly welcomed to the tent of Mr. Brinsmade and Mr. Calkin, gentlemen whom I had known at the Islands. They with a company of young men are testing the qualities of a machine constructed on the "rocking" principle and similar to those used in the gold mines of Virginia. They were employing quicksilver to collect the particles of gold. I was glad to perceive that they were encouraged to hope their



machines would not prove a failure, as a multitude of other contrivances had proved.\*

The implements of old and practical miners, are exceedingly simple. It is a fact that an Oregonian with a hammer, axe, and saw, can in a few hours construct a good machine for collecting gold. The old fashioned New England *baby-cradles*, could, in a few minutes, be converted into machines for washing gold. Should the "Patent Baby-Jumpers" with elastic suspenders, supersede the cradles of olden times, some speculating Yankee might make his fortune in shipping "old cradles" to California. If he should chance to send his merchandise at the favorable moment he might accumulate a fortune rivalling that of "Lord Timothy Dexter" of Newburyport, the exporter of warming pans to the West Indies!

I found a company working at Mormon Island, endeavoring to turn the current of the river and fancying that when this should be done, they would gather an immense quantity of the precious metal in the bed of the old stream. They may be successful!

#### THE MILLS

Left Mormon Island early this morning for the "Mills" at Coloma, the spot where the gold of California was first discovered. On my arrival was kindly welcomed by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, the superintendent of the Methodist Mission. He was then endeavoring to establish a Methodist church. I was glad to learn that success will evidently crown his efforts. A "class" has already been organized. Mr. Roberts accompanied me through the busy and thriving village of Coloma, to the mill-race where only fourteen months since a few small lumps of gold were found. Oh! the mighty movement throughout our globe

\*Since my return to Honolulu, I have learned upon good authority, that the machines imported by Mr. Brinsmade, fully meet his expectations, and that he has succeeded remarkably well in disposing of the same.



which that discovery has already produced! It has turned the attention of the civilized world upon California.

The Rev. Mr. Roberts preached in the morning an eloquent sermon from Galatians, 6: 14; and in the afterpart of the day I endeavored to preach from the memorable words of our Saviour, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." During the interim of public worship the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered by Brother Roberts. Here we had the pleasure of spending the Sabbath with Captain Gelston, of the barque WHITON, whose name is so intimately associated with efforts in behalf of seamen, in the city of New York.

#### KANAKA DIGGINGS

Left this morning in company with Brother Roberts, to visit the encampment of Sandwich Islanders, while he would proceed to Sacramento City. About 10 o'clock I arrived at the "diggings" of a company from the Islands. It was exceedingly pleasant to be welcomed by many whom I had known at the Islands, and some of whom were from Honolulu. As there had been much difficulty between Americans and foreigners at other places, I was desirous of cautioning the Hawaiians to be upon their guard and not to give offense to Americans. I invited all to assemble, when about seventy-five made their appearance, near a beautiful spring and under some excellent shade trees. There I endeavored to explain to them the causes of the difficulties between Americans and foreigners. They had some very sensible inquiries to make. I informed them that in the morning I should start, and should be happy to take letters to their friends at the Islands. Before I left a mail of some twenty letters was made up. I was most kindly entertained during my stay among them. While there I was grieved to witness a man of my own color, an American, yes, and one who was an educated man—a lawyer—engaged in the abominable

and detestable traffic of ardent spirits, with these few Sandwich Islanders. I felt indignant and could not but express my mind to the man. He replied, "If I do not sell, others will." This old and stale plea of the rum-seller was all he had to offer. I was glad to learn that a majority of the Hawaiians were true to their tee-total principles, while those who were seduced had been long upon the coast and away from missionary influences! It was gratifying to learn that these people regularly assembled upon the Sabbath for Divine Service, which was conducted by two of their number, well established in the faith.

From this place I hastened my return to Sacramento City, situated at the juncture of the Sacramento River and its branch, called the American Fork. It is a rising city and place of much business. Lots are now selling at enormous prices. Should the mining business continue, Sacramento City will become one of the most prominent places in Upper California.

#### TRIP DOWN THE SACRAMENTO

Embarked this morning to descend the Sacramento River. We were four days in reaching Benicia. This river far exceeds the San Joaquin in beauty and its adaptation to navigation. It is much wider and its banks, instead of presenting an unvarying monotony of rushes, are beautifully adorned with stately forest trees. The sycamore, the willow, the cotton wood skirt the banks. It may be said, in truth, that both rivers are now alive with numerous vessels, of various sizes, from a whale boat to the bark of 300 tons. They are continually ascending deeply burdened with freight and their decks covered with men eager to make their fortunes at the mines. As the emigrant ships arrive at San Francisco, if they draw over twelve or fifteen feet of water, the passengers hasten on board some small vessel bound up either the Sacramento or San Joaquin rivers. These small vessels are now engaged in a most profitable business.

After an absence of nearly three weeks, during which period I have experienced inconveniences not a few, as a traveler, I was glad to return once more to my comfortable quarters on board the MASSACHUSETTS. The trip furnished me a good opportunity for witnessing the operations of the miners, and seeing the face of the country. In no part of California which I have yet traveled do I find any considerable portion adapted to farming purposes according to a Yankee's ideas. The immense ranges of hills and mountains are covered with a species of wild oats which furnishes at most seasons an excellent fodder for herds of horses and cattle. It is the opinion of some that the extensive *tule* marshes will eventually be drained and converted into rice fields. This, however, will not take place until the mines cease to yield such rich products as are now gathered.

In traveling through the country I have met scores of seamen with whom I had become acquainted while at Honolulu. I was cordially welcomed, although in more than a single instance they exclaimed "*You* are the last man that we expected to see at the mines." A few words of explanation were, however, sufficient to set the matter right. There are vast numbers of seamen now digging in different parts of the mines, which still keeps the price of wages very high. Ordinary seamen now receive from \$150 to \$200 per month, and the wages of officers are in proportion. It is now exceedingly difficult to engage seamen on board vessels bound to foreign ports. One thousand dollars are offered sailors to ship on board vessels bound to the States, but they will not ship. Vessels are deserted soon after they come to anchor unless the wages of seamen are immediately raised. It is quite impossible to foresee any material change in this order of things. It would be unreasonable to expect a change until the mines are exhausted, or the value of gold depreciates. That the latter result will not take place for years is quite certain, and to expect the mines are to be exhausted is out of the question for the present. This may not appear

so manifest to an observer at a distance, but it is quite clear to any one upon the spot. Very many years must elapse before gold will cease to be dug in California. Mines that were worked last year are now being worked over, and the present "raise" (to use a miner's term) is nearly equal to that of last year. The mining country cannot be said to be yet explored. Parties on exploring expeditions are now penetrating the mountains in all directions. I recently heard, upon undoubted authority, of one party which has been successful in discovering a very rich spot. They keep it a secret, going and returning from it under cover of darkness.

I was greatly surprised at the order and quietness that reign in the mining districts which I have visited, and I learn that this is generally the fact throughout the whole place. An occasional disturbance will occur, which will be reported in the papers and from that the inference be drawn that such is generally the case, which is very far from being true. Personal property is much respected. Should a thief be caught he is whipped, perhaps fined, and immediately sent out of the mining country.

At the present time there exists a very strong prejudice against foreigners among the Americans. Mexicans, Peruvians, and Chilians are especially subject to this prejudice. I took some pains to investigate the matter. This inimical feeling arises, first, on the general ground that these rich gold mines belong by right to Americans; and that the citizens or subjects of other nations have no right to dig in these mines. They reason other nations would not allow foreigners to work in their mines and why should Americans allow it? Another ground of this prejudice is the fact that many foreigners came to work under leaders. They bring their supplies and expect to leave in a few months, having no intention of becoming citizens of the United States. The movement has already commenced to compel them to leave the mines. Meetings among American miners have been held, and resolu-



tions passed strongly urging the point that no foreigners be allowed to work in the mines. Such a meeting had been held at the "Mills" just before my visit. It has resulted in that quarter of breaking up one encampment of Chilians. A committee of Americans visited the camp and warned them off, limiting the period they would be allowed to remain to twenty-four hours. Before the period elapsed all had quietly withdrawn. A party of Chilians had re-crossed the South Fork and were encamped at the "Mills." How extensive the movement will become, it is impossible now to foresee, but it is my impression that ere long none but American citizens will be found at work in the mining districts.

Some things exceedingly pained me as I mingled among the miners, and one was the general prevalence of the impious practice of profane swearing. It appears to me that I never heard so much profane swearing in the same length of time as during my late tour. Drinking spirituous liquors is also woefully prevalent. Men too are engaged in the traffic of strong drink from whom better things were to be expected. Most sincerely I hope that the late emigrations from New England will exert a salutary influence throughout the territory.

It is, however, to be feared that vast multitudes of young men will sadly degenerate in morals by coming to this country. I witness scenes almost daily that are sad. It does seem so strange that men, young and old, can think to trample upon the laws of God with impunity. It is exceedingly gratifying that good and faithful ministers of the gospel are directing their steps to this country. Although wickedness may abound, yet it is an encouraging field of labor. Men are willing to listen to a preached gospel and in many instances, even those whose practice was anything but what it should be, express a strong desire to have ministers of the gospel located among them. There are to be found many good men in California who do not yield to the current of wickedness. I hope their number is rapidly increas-



ing. They, as well as their unscrupulous neighbors, need the prayers of God's people in their behalf. From the prayer-meeting, the family altar, the house of God, and the chamber of secret devotion, let supplications and prayers be incessantly offered for the people of this land. Hundreds and thousands of men are here strongly tempted to evil, and many will inevitably fall unless the grace of God interpose. Good men will come forth as gold purified in the furnace; hypocrites and false-professors will sink; while it should be the prayer of all good people that many may be here converted to God. Let fathers and mothers earnestly pray for their sons who have rushed and are rushing to the mines of California. Let wives pray for their husbands; let sisters pray for their brothers; let the church universal pray that this land may become Immanuel's land. God still reigns. It is no fortuitous circumstance that God has allowed these mines to be opened at just the moment when the American flag was hoisted over the territory.

It is no mere chance event that such an immense immigration is now pouring over the Rocky Mountains, doubling Cape Horn, and crossing the Isthmus. I should tremble in view of the momentous results did I not realise the fact that God reigns—that He is at the helm. For years I have watched the movement of affairs at the Islands, and throughout the Pacific. I rejoice in having so favorable an opportunity for observing the astonishing changes now transpiring on the western coast of the North American continent. Powerful nations are now to be planted. Over the very waters of this Bay, now floating the vessel upon which I am penning these lines, a vast commerce is soon to pass. The God of Nature has so decreed. Cities to vie in magnitude with London and New York *must* here arise. Here is the wealth—here tends the tide of immigration, that tide cannot be turned aside. It will ere long reach the islands of the Pacific!

In a very few days—by the earliest opportunity—I hope to resume

my labors as a chaplain to seamen at Honolulu, and by the grace of God, I hope to exert my feeble influence in connection with my fellow Christians there to keep pace with the mighty movements of this most stirring, revolutionary, remarkable, wonder-working, and God-directing age.

## Chapter XXVI. *Mining Associations.*



AFTER an excursion of near three weeks through the interior of Alta California, I was glad to take up my quarters once more on board the good and commodious ship MASSACHUSETTS. Although I had been absent but a few days, yet I discovered that changes of an important character had taken place in Benicia, where our vessel still lay discharging her cargo. The work went forward very slow in consequence of most of the crew having run away, although their wages had been raised to \$100 per month. When I left Benicia there were only four vessels discharging, but on my return there were more than twice that number. New buildings had been erected. The keels of two small steamboats were laid and the ship carpenters were busily at work.

One of the newly arrived vessels attracted my attention. It was the LEANORE. This vessel was owned by the "New England and California Trading and Mining Association." Having heard much respecting these associations, and learned that nearly all had been dissolved, I resolved to make myself acquainted with the character and prospects of the "Association" which came out on board the LEANORE. I heard much respecting the high character of all the members of the company, and the confident assertion made that although other associations might disband, yet this was one that would certainly hold together. A part of the company had left for

the mines, others were at work upon their steamer, and the remainder engaged in discharging the vessel. Prospects were bright. I was kindly furnished with a pamphlet containing the constitution and by-laws of the association. To these documents were appended the names of just one hundred members, nearly all of whom were from Boston and the vicinity. A public meeting preparatory to their departure from Boston was held at the Tremont Temple, and an address was delivered upon the occasion by the Rev. Dr. Beecher.

The following is a copy of their constitution, and as it is not long, I insert the same without abridgement:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.—This indenture, made this 28th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1848, between the Stockholders of the New England and California Trading and Mining Association—Witnesseth:

That the said members, whose names and seals are affixed to the articles and by-laws, have formed, and do hereby form, a Joint Stock Company for the purpose of buying or chartering a ship, and freight-ing her, as the directors shall see fit, for the coast of California, and engaging in such trading and mining operations as shall be deemed most advisable.

1. The business shall be carried on under the name of the New England and California Trading and Mining Joint Stock Company, and each party shall have a certificate of his share or interest in the capital and profits of the Company, signed by the President and Secretary.

2. The capital stock shall be thirty thousand dollars, which shall be divided into one hundred shares, of three hundred dollars each.

3. Every stockholder shall pay the three hundred dollars at such time and place as the directors shall determine, and shall incur no further liability whatever, for or on account of the Company, except his time hereinafter specified.

4. Each of the said members shall, after the sailing of the vessel,

devote and give his personal attention and time, during reasonable hours of business and labor, wholly to the interests of the Company, and shall use his best skill, judgment, and discretion, in promoting the profits of the business; and during the continuance of this agreement, neither of said members shall engage in any speculation on his own separate account, or be in any way interested in any other business than that of the Association hereby established.

5. Neither said Company, nor any of said parties, shall assume any pecuniary liabilities, either in his own name or that of the Company, without the written consent of a majority of the Association, nor shall the directors nor any other officer or agent of the Company assume any pecuniary liabilities beyond the capital actually paid in, under any circumstances whatever.

6. Neither shall any of the said parties engage in or be concerned in any game of chance or skill by which money may be lost or won; nor shall he make use of any intoxicating liquors, of whatever name or nature, unless prescribed by the physician or physicians who may accompany the expedition, under a penalty of five dollars for the first offense, ten for the second offense; and if he still persists in offending in this manner, he shall forfeit his share in the joint stock and capital.

7. All business transactions, purchases, and sales, shall be transacted by the Directors, and for cash or barter paid down, and in no instance shall they vary from this law without a written vote of two-thirds of the stockholders.

8. No person shall be permitted to withdraw from the business of the Association without furnishing a substitute acceptable to two-thirds of the stockholders, a certificate of which shall be given signed by the President and Secretary. Should sickness, accident, or any other reasonable cause, however, render it necessary for any member to leave the Association, he may send in a petition to the Association,



and a majority of that body shall determine, a certificate of which shall be given signed by the President and Secretary; furthermore, should sickness or any other misfortune caused by his services in the Association, render it necessary that he return home, a conveyance shall be furnished at the expense of the Company; any person withdrawing himself in violation of the above shall forfeit all his interest in the Association.

9. A statement of the affairs of the Association shall be made in one year from the date of this instrument, and a division of the profits over and above the original capital invested, shall then be made *pro rata* to each and every member of the Association.

10. In case any disagreement should arise between the members of the Association, and they cannot adjust the difference between themselves, the subject of dispute is to be submitted to the Board of Directors; and if either party refuse to join in this mode of proceeding, the other may proceed *ex parte*, and the decision of the Directors, in writing, shall bind the parties.

11. The accounts of the Joint Stock Company shall be kept in regular books for that purpose, and they shall at all times be open for the inspection of every stockholder.

And in testimony whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals, the day and year above written.

On leaving California I resolved to keep myself informed respecting the success of the above mentioned association. During the month of November, a vessel arrived at Honolulu, bringing one of the members. From him I learned that the company was disbanded—that their steamboat did not meet their expectations—that several members had died, and more were sick—that the property of the company was to be disposed of and the vessel sold, for the benefit of the parties concerned.

This, however, is but one among scores if not hundreds of similar



associations, fitted out in the United States for digging gold in California. As a new method of peopling a country these associations are worthy the study of the political economist. California will be speedily peopled, but multitudes of individuals will be ruined in the enterprise. The sacrifice of health and life, it is to be feared, will exceed the calculations of the most desponding, yet as a whole the mighty work of settling the country will advance, and California speedily take her station as one of the sovereign states of the Union.

## Chapter XXVII. *The Convention.*



IN mingling among the citizens, I observed the choice of delegates to the Convention, was a prominent subject of discussion. Although there is truth in the sarcastic remark of the poet

—“All hearts  
Are chill'd into the selfish prayer for gold,”

yet the ruling passion now was a little relaxed. Political meetings were held at San Francisco, Benicia, Stockton, Sacramento City, and other places. These meetings were called in obedience to a Proclamation of Brevet Brig. Gen. Riley. All the machinery of party politics was immediately put in operation. Although the people of California might be strangers to each other, yet they did not appear to be strangers to republican institutions. Speakers were ready at a moment's warning to harangue the people upon the importance of organizing a state government, and other questions of vital importance to the present and future welfare of California.

The results of the election I did not learn until after my return to the Islands, but it has been with intense interest that I have read the California papers showing the important results which have been so speedily accomplished. In the period of forty days the elections

took place—delegates assembled at Monterey, and the Convention unanimously passed a “*Bill of Rights*” which does great credit to the sound political wisdom of the people of California. As this document is of the utmost importance, being at the very foundation of the constitution of the state, and forming a part of the history of this most singular, strange and remarkable of countries, I insert it in full:

BILL OF RIGHTS, *as adopted in Committee of the Whole in Convention, Sept. 11, 1849.*

Sec. 1. All men are by nature free and independent and have certain inalienable rights among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty, acquiring, possessing and protecting property and obtaining safety and happiness.

2. All political power is inherent in the people. Government is instituted for the protection, security and benefit of the people, and they have the right, at all times, to alter or reform the same whenever the public good may require it.

3. The right of trial by jury shall be secured to all, and remain inviolate forever; but a jury trial may be waived by the parties in all civil cases in the manner prescribed by law.

4. The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed in this state to all mankind; and no person shall be rendered incompetent to be a witness on account of his opinions on matters of religious belief—but the liberty of conscience shall not be so construed as to excuse acts of licentiousness or justify practices inconsistent with the peace or safety of this state.

5. The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require its suspension.

6. Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor shall cruel nor unusual punishment be inflicted; nor shall witnesses be unreasonably detained.

7. No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, except in cases of impeachment and in cases of militia when in actual service, and the land and naval forces in time of war, or which this state may keep, with the consent of Congress, in time of peace, and in cases of petty larceny (under the regulation of the Legislature), unless on presentment or indictment of a grand jury; and in any trials in any court whatever, the party accused shall be allowed to appear and defend in person and with counsel, as in civil actions. No person shall be subject to be twice put in jeopardy for the same offense, nor shall he be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

8. Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right, and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or the press. In all criminal proceedings or indictments for libel, the truth may be given in evidence to the jury, and if it shall appear to the jury that the matter charged as libellous is true, and was published with good motives and for justifiable ends, the party shall be acquitted, and the jury shall have the right to determine the law and the fact.

9. The people shall have the right freely to assemble together to consult for the common good, to instruct their representatives and to petition the Legislature for redress of grievances.

10. All laws of a general nature shall have a uniform operation.

11. The military shall be subordinate to the civil power; no standing army shall be kept up by the state in time of peace; and in time of war no appropriation for a standing army shall be for a longer time than two years.

12. No soldier shall in time of peace be quartered in any house

without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war except in the manner prescribed by law.

13. As all men are entitled to equal political rights, representations should be apportioned according to population.

14. No bill of attainder, *ex poste facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, shall ever be passed.


15. Foreigners who are or who may hereafter, become *bona fide* residents of this state shall enjoy the same rights in respect to the possession, enjoyment, and inheritance of property, as native born citizens.

16. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, unless for the punishment of crimes, shall ever be tolerated in this state.

17. This enumeration of rights shall not be construed to impair or deny others reserved by the people.

After reading this document, let no one deny that the Californians are novices in the science of government, civil, political, and religious. Rights are here acknowledged which were extorted from King John at Runnymede, fought for by the republicans of England in the seventeenth century, and by the inhabitants of the "thirteen colonies," and such as were finally published to the world in the immortal American Declaration of Independence.

## Chapter XXVIII. *Return to San Francisco.*

HREE months having elapsed since leaving Honolulu, I was exceedingly anxious to return. Embarked this afternoon, July 20th, on board the Bremen brig ANTONIE, to sail from Benicia to San Francisco. Although homeward bound, yet I left a ship, the MASSACHUSETTS, which had proved an excellent temporary home. I had experienced kindnesses on board that vessel from commander,



officers, and crew, which I hope I may have it in my power to repay. In Captain Wood I found a true, generous and kind friend. He has not passed through life without sharing its trials and disappointments, but I trust that hereafter he may experience none but the gales of prosperity. As a commander of a vessel, owned by the government of the United States, I was highly gratified to witness his conscientious regard to the government's interests. He was about to surrender a command which he had sustained during four years, with the highest credit, as an honest and honorable public officer. During a part of this period the MASSACHUSETTS was in active service as a transport vessel in the Gulf of Mexico.


The ANTONIE was more than twenty-four hours reaching San Francisco as she was obliged to take advantage of the tides. On arriving at the anchorage the wind blew more than "half a gale"; and the weather was cold and uncomfortable.

I learned that several vessels were soon to leave for the Islands. My arrangements were made to leave on board the schooner BOSTON, Captain Cole. As she did not sail until the morning of the 27th of July, I had four days to spend among the citizens of San Francisco. The city had nearly doubled during the month I was absent in the interior. Stores and dwelling houses had gone up in every part of the town. During the month of July many thousands of emigrants had arrived. The great subject of excitement was the trial of the "Hounds," which I was glad to learn would undoubtedly result in the organization of a more efficient police.






Chapter XXIX. *Visit to See the "Lions."*

HE few days of leisure before the sailing of the Boston afforded me an opportunity of visiting the Old Presidio, the fort at the entrance of the Bay, and the Mission. But no excursion was more interesting than the one made in company with the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, to Seal Point, situated four or five miles south of the entrance of the Bay. Although the afternoon was cold, foggy, and disagreeable, in the extreme, yet we were amply repaid for our trouble, by seeing the "Lions." Long before reaching the seacoast we heard sounds unlike any which ever before fell upon my ears. These sounds were apparently the combination of the lowing of oxen, the neighing of horses, the roaring of lions, the braying of donkeys, and the bellowing of all other beasts, tame and wild. As we approached the shore, on a ledge of rocks an eighth of a mile distant we could distinctly see scores of these huge monsters. A good view of them, will prepare the mind to fully credit the following paragraph from an old voyager: "The sea-lion is a very strange creature, and of a prodigious bulk; I have seen some twenty feet long, which could not weigh less than four thousand pounds. Its shape is nearly like the sea-calf; but its skin is as thick as that of an ox; the hair is short and bristly; the head is disproportionally large; the mouth very wide; the eyes of a monstrous size, and the nose, which resembles that of the lion, has terrible whiskers, formed of such exceedingly stiff and bristly hair, that they might be used for tooth picks." Some lay motionless, others kept their heads erect as if upon sentinel's duty. Buffon in his natural history asserts that they are accustomed to keep sentinels on duty while others sleep. "They are of a very heavy and drowsy nature, and delight to sleep in the mire. Though very indolent and difficult to awaken, yet at those times they commonly fix some as sentinels near

the place where they sleep, and it is said these sentinels give loud warnings when any danger is near. Their voices are very loud and of various tones; sometimes grunting like hogs, and sometimes neighing like horses." (The reader will find some curious remarks upon these animals in Buffon's *Natural History*.)

Long after we left the shore we could still hear their unearthly bellowings, drowning even the roar of the surf as it dashed upon the rock bound shore, or broke upon the beautiful beach stretching away to the south of the projection of land which we took as a post of observation, for beholding the *real* lions of California.

## Chapter XXX. *Passage to the Islands.*

 HIS evening, July 26, bid farewell to my kind friends, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and embarked on board the BOSTON. The following morning our vessel got under way, and quietly glided through the numerous ships at anchor in the bay. It was a gratifying thought that I had now embarked on a homeward bound vessel, commanded by Captain Cole, a shipmaster whom I had known in former years as the commander of a whale ship. He retired from the seas and settled upon a farm in New Hampshire, but the shout "Ho, for California," echoing among the hills of the Granite State aroused the spirit of the retired sea captain, and made him bid farewell to home, without stopping to take a "second thought." He crossed the Isthmus and instead of going to the mines, purchased in company with others, the schooner BOSTON, and sailed for the Islands, where in years past, he had obtained his recruits for whaling cruises.\*

\*The "Boston" obtained a cargo of vegetables at the Islands, and on her return to San Francisco, sold Irish potatoes for \$37.00 per barrel, that cost \$2.00! This is one item of a profitable speculation.

We had an exceedingly pleasant passage of fourteen days to Lahaina. Saw but one vessel after leaving the coast, and that was a passenger ship with decks crowded with passengers bound to San Francisco. On landing at Lahaina I was delighted to find the market well supplied with fruits and vegetables. The weather was warm but pleasant. Maui never before looked so charming and delightful. On landing I was surprised not to hear every one exclaiming, "What a beautiful morning!" "How green the shrubbery!" &c., &c. This should not have surprised me, for in former times, I had loudly denounced "Lahaina dust" and the barren hills in rear of the town. The simple truth was, I had been witnessing different scenery and experiencing far different weather from that enjoyed by the dwellers at Lahaina.

The next morning I was permitted to look upon the mountains of Oahu. Never more shall my friends hear me complain that the mountains, hills, and valleys of Oahu are destitute of beauties, or that the climate is not the best in the world. I was glad to reach home in safety, and find all well.



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